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THREE KISSES.

An angel with three lilies in her hand
Came winging to the earth from Paradise;
They changed to kisses ere she reached love's land,
And fell upon the brow, the lips, the eyes!

First was the kiss of purity and peace—
Lonely they sat together by the fire—
To him from sorrow came a dear release;
To her, the shadow of a dim desire.
Two aimless souls had ceased their wanderings
Two fettered spirits struggled to be free;
Too sweet love's garden came the blossoming,
The tender leaf unfolded on love's tree,
The kiss of sanctity.

Next was the kiss of soul bound unto soul—
They stood at night beneath a ruined tower—
Dimly they heard the waves eternal roll,
Life was embodied in a single hour!
The one strong moment in a love divine,
The present shadowing futurity;
No fate, no time, no terror could combine
To rob that silence of its ecstasy,
The kiss of unity.

Last came the kiss of dear love perfected,
Sad in the chamber of the thing called Death!
Two tapers at the feet, two at the head,
The murmured prayer, the low half-sobbing breath;
But brighter yet in distance far away,
A gathered army of the souls that live,
The golden dawn of a transcendent day,
When angels of the lilies come to give
The kiss—eternity!

LADY LINTON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.—[CONTINUED.]

"LIGHT his pipe!" echoed Mrs. Gower, in a tone of disgust.

I assented, and, having nothing further to tell, waited for her to speak.

"And pray who is this—this fellow?"

"I cannot tell you who he is—only I don't think he's a 'fellow.'"

"Can't tell me? Do you mean to say that you absolutely pursue a man whose name you do not know?"

"I didn't say that. I said I could not tell you."

"Do you mean to be impudent, Miss Graham, to me?"

"Nothing is farther from my intention. On the contrary, I feel that my conduct must have seemed to you rude and unwarrantable, and I wish you to pardon me."

"There can be no doubt about that; but, before I can think of forgiving you, I must know the name of this man, your relation with him, and have a full account of everything that has taken place since you left me."

"I am sorry that I cannot gratify your curiosity in any one of those particulars," I began, when she interrupted me.

"Curiosity, miss! Do you suppose that a lady inquires into the conduct of her servant from motives of curiosity?"

"I cannot say. It does not much matter from what motives you make your inquiries in this case. If I cannot answer them, and you will not forgive me unless I do, there is an end of the matter," I said.

I had no wish to affront Mrs. Gower; yet it seemed that I could not reply to any question she put without giving offence. Being so weary and dispirited, I was unable to choose my words, and, seeing that, however I replied, the result must be the same, I only desired to bring the fruitless and irritating discussion to an end as quickly as possible.

"Your impudence passes all bounds!" she exclaimed. "An end of the matter indeed! You cannot imagine that I shall permit you to stay under the same roof a single night with my daughters whilst your character for morality is open to suspicion?"

It was now my turn to echo her words. What did she mean by my character for morality being open to suspicion?

"I am not to be deceived by the pretence of ignorance, Miss Graham. Your appearance is in itself sufficient to justify the severest conclusions!"

I glanced hurriedly in the glass.

My face was disfigured with crying; but what damaging conclusions the harshest judge could draw from such signs of grief I could not divine.

"I do not understand you," I said.

She made me understand her by a suggestion so revolting and outrageous that for a moment I was powerless to reply; then, burning with indignation, I cried in passionate anger—

"How dare you impute such infamy to me? You are a wicked woman—a coarse shameless woman!"

My face burns with shame, my hand trembles as I recall what passed.

Why should I continue—why attempt to recollect precisely that which I only wish to forget?

I will have done with it in a few lines. My indignation absolutely frightened Mrs. Gower.

She attempted to conciliate me; but, had she begged my pardon, I would have refused to give it.

She kept repeating, "You are unreasonable, Miss Graham."

Perhaps I was.

I felt like a fury, and needed but a word or gesture of provocation to avenge with violence the injury I had received.

I think she saw this, for she prudently drew back as I made for the door, and made no attempt to restrain me from going to my room.

Happily my linen was neatly arranged in my black box, and I had only a few things to collect and pack up in the other; for, as my excitement subsided, my heart was torn with mortification, and scalding tears so blinded me that I could scarcely see what I was doing.

Mrs. Gower was not in sight when I went down-stairs; but the servant met me and put an envelope into my hand.

It contained a cheque, with a few words to say that I should find that the equivalent of the quarter's salary due the "15th proximo," and requesting me to send a receipt at my "earliest convenience."

I put the cheque and note back into the envelope, and, being not yet mistress of myself, I tore the envelope and enclosure into two pieces, and bade the girl give it back to Mrs. Gower.

"Yes, miss," she replied, taking the pieces. "And mistress says shall she send your luggage to your address, or will you send for it?"

I told her I would send for it; and accordingly at the station I engaged a porter to fetch my two boxes; and, after waiting in the dismal waiting-room, in the darkest corner I could find, for an hour and twenty minutes, I took my seat in the train and came to London.

I have been in this hotel sixteen hours—the most wretched of my life.

It seemed to me that I could not be more unhappy than when he was driving me to Marlow.

Yet how happy was I then by comparison?

There I was beside him, here I am only with the memory of his presence.

The appointments of the room remind me of the evening when we were here together—when I first discovered that I loved him; and those recollections of that happiness make the misery of my present solitude greater.

Now indeed I have not one friend; and it is almost a crime to think of the man I love.

Alas, I find that writing my misfortunes instead of exhausting the subject, as I hoped, does but raise up new reflections upon my miserable lot!

I have no courage. I am beaten down and cowed. I cannot even try to forget now.

I have tried to do so until, with repeated failure, my head grows dizzy and a kind of mad despair seizes me.

How can I forget?

What thought can take a stronger hold upon my mind than those that haunt me?

In the street below there is perpetual movement—hundreds of people, men and women, old and young, coming and going incessantly.

Some appear absolutely without thought, some bustle along, full of energy and vigor, some stroll idly, some stop to chat and laugh—it seems as though I alone, amidst them all, am forlorn and weighed down with despondency and grief.

* * * * *

I am ashamed to have written the above.

Whilst I was walking up and down the room, sobbing and wringing my hands like a weak little fool, and saying to myself that I had not a friend in the world, some one knocked at my door.

I had barely time to slip my sodden handkerchief out of sight when Mr. Gower entered the room.

"Why, my dear little girl, what's all this about—eh?" he asked, setting his shiny hat on the table and coming towards me briskly.

"Come—I'm old enough to be your father, and begad, you're nice enough to be my own daughter; so give me a kiss and tell me all about it!

"There, there—don't cry, unless you feel it will do you a lot of good; for it's spoiling your pretty eyes and upsetting me into the bargain.

"Sit you down there, dear, with your back to the glaring sun, and we'll see what can be done to lighten your heart and mine too.

"Do you mind my having a little sherry and a biscuit here? Thanks. I'll take the liberty to ring the bell at once. Haven't had anything since twelve o'clock, and I'm getting deuced peckish!"

Saying this, he rang the bell, and, pulling off his black kid gloves, seated himself beside me.

"I should never have thought of hunting for you here; but I saw Linton this morning, and he put me on the scent, you know."

Hearing that, my heart began to beat violently.

It was evident that he knew all, and that Gilbert had sent him to me.

I started in my chair, eager to hear more.

Mr. Gower took no notice, or pretended not to notice, but slipped his gloves into the tail-pocket of his frock-coat; and then, bending forward, with his hand still in his pocket, he proceeded—

"Hallo—what's this? Oh, ah—something from the gals for you, my dear!"—and with that he drew out and placed in my hand three letters, and then went to the door to tell the servant to bring sherry and biscuits.

The letters were bulky—there were two sheets of paper in each, and the third from Maud, and all began—

"Dear darling ducky."

Oh, how cruel of me to forget them and think I had no friends!

My heart ached with remorse or joy—I know not which.

I wished to kiss the letters and clasp them to my heart, but, Mr. Gower returning, I could not for shame.

But he saw the change in my emotions. Patting my shoulder as he sat down, he said—

"Come, that's better, little one! I shall enjoy my sherry if you keep that look on your face.

"You don't want to read those letters at once, do you? If you do, I'd better call again in two or three days, for hang me if I think you'll get through 'em in less! What on earth young girls can find to say to each other when they've been parted only a few hours I can't tell!

"I suppose, like canaries, you sing the same song over and over again, or what seems to be the same song to an observer who has very little of the singing-bird in his own composition.

"Oh, here's the sherry—pretty quick! I believe these waiters know by the look of me what I am in the habit of taking and get out the sherry-glass the moment they see me, for they never keep me waiting. That'll do, Thomas.

"I'll pour it. Never mind about the change.

"Shut the door after you. Thanks. I think we shall find this a little more fortifying than Mrs. G.'s, my dear," he said, handing a glass of wine to me.

"Let's chink glasses—so. Now try one of these little biscuits, and we'll get to business."

He nodded kindly as I took a little sip of wine, and crossing one fat little leg over the other, rubbed his hands, which were also fat, one over the other, smiling approval when I broke the biscuit he had given me.

I tried to eat.

It seemed as if I could never swallow the morsel I had taken; and, as I thought of his kindness in coming to see me, and of the affection of his dear daughters whom I had lately thought never to hear of again, my spirits gave way, and I suddenly burst into tears, and once more I had to bring out my drabbled handkerchief.

"Tut, tut, tut! Why, what is there to cry about, you poor little soul?" said Mr. Gower, drawing his chair nearer to mine and taking my hand in his. "Sure-ly you don't take to heart what that ill-bred, ill-tempered, vindictive old catamaran said to you, do you?"

I shook my head.

"I should think not," he pursued. "We've a little too much sense for that. If words could do it, she would have made me the most miserable man under the sun; but I'm not exactly that, am I? Egad, what is all her windy explosion like but the popping of a paper bag, that may startle children at first hearing, but amuses them afterwards!

"We can afford to laugh at her, eh—we who know her and value her for what she is worth?"

It made me smile through my tears to hear his valiant language now and contrast it with his timorous behavior in her presence.

"I assure you, my dear, I gave her such a rating when I found you were gone last night as she is not likely to forget in a hurry."

That made me smile again; it was so unlikely.

"As for the other affair, my dear, can't you comfort yourself with the reflection that it is not half so bad as it might have been, and that there are hundreds and thousands of women in this city who have greater misfortunes than yours to bear, and with no hope of ever seeing the end of 'em on this side the grave—though that's a source of comfort which you, I believe are not selfish enough to enjoy thoroughly? You have the satisfaction of knowing that you have come out blameless from the severest trial that a young and simple girl could be put to. That's something, you know.

"Then you're wonderful pretty, and you are quite young; you stand to win a good husband, and be the happiest of women before a year's out.

"Oh, but I know better!" he protested, when I shook my head.

"Those gals of mine adore you: and do you think the young fellows will be behind them in discovering your admirable qualities?

"I'd lay any odds that in two months from now you'll have a round dozen of 'em at your heels and any one of 'em a better man than Linton!"

"Oh, no, no, no!" I cried.

"Well, my dear, our opinions differ; and I think my age and experience justify me in thinking yours wrong.

"He had the grace to confess all to me last night; and I can't think him blameless by his own showing, or believe that he's the sort of man to make such a delicate girl as you happy.

"I don't say that he's altogether bad, or even as bad as his version of this business would leave me to suppose; and I don't say that, if he had married you instead of Elgitha, either of you would ever have had cause to repent, for he was as fine a fellow as ever breathed before he got mixed up with those infernal Gauntlys. They'd ruin any one not blessed with an iron and brass bound leather constitution as mine: a proof of that Linton has given you in the most palpable form.

"A married man has no right to fall in love, no matter how wicked his wife may be, or however sweet and pretty the young lady with whom he is brought in contact.

"It's reprehensible—it's wrong!"

Mr. Gower drew me to him, and, having kissed my forehead, said, with stern emphasis—

"It's very wrong indeed!"

"He could not help it any more than I can," I said.

"Well, I suppose he couldn't, poor fellow!" said Mr. Gower, smoothing my hand tenderly.

"Good Heaven," he exclaimed, with a sigh, "you, my dear, may well count yourself the least unhappy when you compare your lot with his!

"A young fellow, in the full flush of manhood and vigor, of a sympathetic and companionable nature, not without a certain amount of pride and ambition, linked for life to a woman with the falsehood, cunning, and vices of a very Jezebel, forced to give up friends and position to avoid public scandal, and, and compelled to crush out from his heart every drop of warm blood that might animate it with love and hope, is indeed to be pitied!

"It's hard enough for a man of my age, with three dear gals and—and a few other sources of comfort, to have a wretch of a wife; but for one not old enough to appreciate the solace of good living, and not caring very much for loo, what is there to render existence tolerable?

"Nothing!

"And, to put up an end to such an intolerable existence, nine men out of then would in one way or another, kill themselves—the tenth would kill his wife."

"What will he do?" I asked, trembling.

"Oh, Linton—he's altogether an exceptional man!

"He'll let his wife kill him! But what has that to do with it!

"I don't want to excite your sympathy with him—I have been carried away by fellow-feeling into expressing ideas and sentiments which you must not allow yourself to share.

"You must confine yourself to self-congratulations on being better off than he is, if you can.

"That's what I started with the intention of impressing upon you. There—put away that handkerchief, and let us talk reasonably and practically. You feel better now, don't you?"

"Yes. I am not going to be stupid any more."

"That's right. Well, now I have come here as a man of business, as a bank-manager, to make some sort of reparation for the conduct of my wife.

"She gave me one account—which of course I don't believe a word of—and the girls have given me another, which they had from Betsy, who happened to have her ear at the keyhole during your interview with Mrs. G.—and that I can believe. Of course the gals know all about this; for, in the first place, we were all in the boat together when Linton hailed me from the bank, and walked me off to lay the whole matter before me; and, in the scond place, they got hold of my razor and my strop and wouldn't let me shave myself this morning until I had let 'em into my secret.

"I thought, my dear," he said nervously, "as you are so open with them, and there's no likelihood of their telling their ma, you would not mind my giving way."

"No. I am glad they know."

"Well, we were all pleased with your behavior.

"'It's just like ducky,' said Trix. 'I know she'd die rather than do what she thought wrong.'

"Then Edith fired up; and says she, 'Yes, and ducky'd die rather than say a word that should make any one think ill of Gilbert!'

"And we were all glad that you tore the cheque in half and sent it back to the old woman.

"You may be sure she didn't mention a word of that to me, but led me to suppose that you had received your salary in full; and we're glad for one reason, and one reason only that you would not stay in the house after the impertinent conduct of Mrs. G.

"So far, so good.

"But you must understand, my dear, that I am master of my house, and am responsible for the conduct of my family. If any one employed in my house is ill-used, it is my duty to make compensation. I don't wish to offend your delicacy. I am not going to put so many pounds, shillings, and pence into your hand.

"What I intend doing is to find you a home for the one you have lost, and to see that you do not suffer by having given your services to my family.

"I might lose my position as a bank-manager if I did less.

"The money due to you I shall put to your credit at the bank.

"When you have need of a few pounds, you will only have to ask for it there, and it will be given you. Here's a little book of forms that you will fill up as you think fit."

He laid a long narrow book on the table as he spoke; and then, turning again to me he continued, seeing my embarrassment and surprise—

"We won't talk about that any more. You are too sensible a girl to be swayed by false notions of delicacy. What I have done is purely a matter of necessity as a man of business.

"Now let me talk to you in the pleasanter aspect of a friend. You have no very great desire to stay in this hotel, I suppose?"

"Oh, no! I came here because——"

"Because it was respectable, and you'd been here before—just so. Of course you haven't had time to think of any future occupation."

"I—I have had time, but—but——"

"Not much inclination. You can't decide on such a subject quickly. Best to take plenty of time for consideration. We can look about us as soon as you get a little stronger.

"The first thing is to get you into a comfortable home, where you can talk out all that's in your heart to some one who can sympathize with you and understand your position: isn't it?"

I nodded.

A warm glow seemed to spend over me as I listened to this suggestion.

"Well, in that case, as soon as you are yourself again—to-morrow, say—we will go together and see my mother-in-law. Don't be startled: it's no relation of the present Mrs. G. It's my first wife's mother. I dare say the girls have told you about granny."

I nodded again, with rising hope, for how often have the girls talked to me about her in my bed-room!

"She's dear old soul, and just as fond of young folk as they are of her. She is no more fitted for solitude than you are; and for some time we've been on the look-out for some pleasant person who could lodge with her.

"It seems to me that you and she are exactly fitted for each other.

"She is a gentlewoman by nature just as you are, my dear; and; and, if she hasn't the fine habits of the present Mrs. G., she certainly has not her course feelings. Granny keeps a shop, you know. That's enough to keep Mrs. G. at a distance; so you may meet the gals there as often as they can get that way without fear of being annoyed by their ma. There's a little bit of a garden behind the house, and the rooms are as neat and nice as hands can make 'em."

"I know. I have heard all about that!" I cried joyfully, clasping my hands.

"There are two spare rooms set aside for my gals, which granny would be very glad to let you have, for while they are empty they remind her of the breach my folly in marrying Mrs. Gauntly has made in the family; and I think we can persuade her to take a reasonable price for them. Of course you'll have to pay her, you know."

"Oh, of course!"

"And you like the idea?"

"Oh!" was all I could say.

"Very well; then now all you have to do is to get yourself presentable so that granny shall like the look of you, and be brought to rational terms for her rooms. Do you think you shall look all right to-morrow?"

"I will. I won't cry any more."

"That's right. I shall come for you at three, so that we may be in time to take tea with granny.

"And, if you only agree to live together, I'll promise both of you that the gals shall spend a couple of days at Kennington the first week they come back to London, whether Mrs. G. likes it or not."

CHAPTER XI.

LADY LINTON'S DIARY CONTINUED.

SEPTEMBER 24—Kennington.

I fear I have the qualities of a very selfish friend.

When solitude has oppressed my spirits, when my joy was not to be contained in silence, when I have been wretched and yearned to pour out my grief in words, I have turned to these pages; but now, having no such need for relief, I neglect my poor old book.

I have been here a week, and to-night, for the first time, I have bethought myself of it.

My face was wretchedly pale and my eyes were still a little red when Mr. Gower came to fetch me, though I had not shed one tear from the time of his leaving me on the day before.

I was so anxious that granny—I can think of Mrs. Simpson only by that name—should not take a dislike to me from my ill-looks that I believe I could have repressed my mind to think only of the hopeful possibilities of my future life, and kept my resolution, I grew more composed and reasonable as the day advanced, slept well at night and woke without that terrible numbness in my heart which I had felt since the first great shock of my grief.

"Do you think Mrs. Simpson will like me?" I asked Mr. Gower, as he held my my hands in his and looked at me approvingly.

"I'll disown her if she doesn't," he replied. "I don't know any one who would not like you, my dear—except my wife; and thank Heaven, there's not such another as she is in this world!"

I was glad to hear that; but still I felt a little anxious; and, when Mr. Gower held up his umbrella and waved it towards the pavement as a signal to the cabman to stop, I looked with eager curiosity out of the little side-window to see what kind of house granny lived in.

We were close to it—an old red-brick house, with green boxes of flowers at the upper windows and an old-fashioned bow-fronted shop, with small panes of glass very bright and clean, the name of "Simpson" along the top, with "Biscuit" going up one side and "Baker" going down the other.

In the window were about ten little baskets full of biscuits.

A cat, with her paws tucked under her breast, was asleep by the side of the door. The level of the street was higher than the floor, so one had to descend a step to enter the shop.

I noticed a sweet wholesome smell of fresh-baked biscuits as I crossed the threshold, and the next moment I stood face to face with granny.

There was no need of an introduction: no one but she could be the mistress of such a house, or the person whose character I had learnt from the loving praises of her granddaughters.

A spare tall old lady, just a little bent with age, with a very fair skin, delicate features, and a bright cheerful expression upon her face—such was Mrs. Simpson.

She wore sleeves and apron, and a plain white cap, from which projected on either side of her face two short silvery curls.

She must have been apprised of my coming, for, after regarding me for a moment, she said—

"Your name is Gertrude, my dear?"

"Yes," I replied.

"I am very glad to see you," she said; and, giving me her hand, she led me into the little parlor at the back of the shop—a rather dark little room, but with a window opening upon a small garden gay with bright-colored flowers, and an open view of the shop and the street, which renders it extremely cheerful and interesting.

It was a great relief to my eyes to get out of the glaring light, and it was a satisfaction to know that the traces of my recent suffering would be less obvious to granny.

I hardly remember what we talked about at first.

I only know that the more I heard of her sweet voice and the more I saw of the little parlor, with its corner cupboards of china, its bevelled glass, its excessive neatness, and the air of repose that pervaded it, the more I hoped that I might stay with her and make my home there.

Granny rang the bell, and a particularly prim little maid, with a face that shone like a well-polished apple, and a white apron and print dress so excessively starched that they stuck out as if they were made of tin, came to the door.

This queer child, being instructed to lead me to the spare room, responded by the queerest little curtsey imaginable, her legs seeming to give way at the knees for an instant, and recovering their rigidity as suddenly as they had lost it.

She took me up-stairs, and there, with another little bob, left me.

This spare room is now my bedchamber.

The window looks out upon the road.

The muslin curtains are drawn back with blue ribbons.

The dressing-table has a kind of valance of blue glazed material covered with muslin.

The dimity curtains and the hangings to the bed are white, with a little blue spray of forget-me-nots.

No room in the world could be more bright and cheerful.

I fancy the dear old lady must have consulted her grandchildren's taste in furnishing it, with the hope that they would occupy in frequently, for, except in the prim arrangement, there is nothing antiquated or out of character with the present time.

As soon as I had smoothed my hair I went downstairs, and found the tea-things laid and an urn hissing and steaming upon the table.

Granny was in the shop serving a very stout old gentleman with a bag of biscuits, and he was telling how many years he had dealt with her, and complaining of the changes that had taken place in the neighborhood.

Nearly all granny's customers are alike—very sober, and pleasant old gentlemen and ladies, who like to linger over their purchases, recalling past times and comparing their memories with hers, deploring the degeneracy of Kennington and the difficulty of buying things now as good as they used to be.

I have seen only one new customer, and she seemed to think it was very odd that granny should sell nothing but biscuits, advised her to have the shop altered, and to add fancy bread and pastry to her stock, and promised to recommend her to several friends if she found her bread, *et-cetera*, equal to the biscuits she had taste.

But granny does not want new customers—"The old ones will last as long as I," she says—and she does not care to be patronised; and she does not want to alter her old shop or her old ways, and, I think, has an opinion that she can manage her business as well as any younger person could manage it for her.

When the tea-things were removed, Mr. Gower went into the little garden to smoke a cigar.

Then granny drew her chair close to mine and, smiling kindly, said—

"Do you think you would like to stay in Kennington a little while, my dear?"

"I think I should like to live here always," I replied; "it is so quiet and restful."

She looked at me thoughtfully, with a shade of sadness in her eyes.

I was thinking that old-fashioned still place was just such as old maids might choose to live in; and I think she saw what was in my thoughts.

"Young people find it dull here after a little time, and then they want to be gone."

"I shall not want to go away. It must be very beautiful to live a quiet even life, to go from day to day through a routine of duties that one's strength is equal to, and find contentment in that. If one is content that is everything."

"Ah, my love, who is content? It is not enough merely to live; even an old woman sighs for something more than that. We must suffer, we must endure, we must hope until the last; only, as our strength fails, we suffer and become hopeless.

"Do you see the empty cage that hangs by the garden wall there?

"In the winter my cat caught a poor sparrow that had grown weak and tame through hunger and cold, and, rather proud of his performance, Tom brought the maimed little creature to me.

"Its wing was hurt, but it still lived: so I sent out for that cage and kept it a prisoner until its wing was strong and the bird shone warm.

"Then I opened the door and it flew away and never returned to me. Day by you will grow stronger, my love; and one bright day you will seek a brighter home than this."

Ah, granny cannot know how deeply I have loved!

"However," she continued, in a gayer tone, after a little sigh, "as you like the place, the question now to be considered is whether you will like me."

"Oh, I am quite sure of that!"

"Old women are tedious and crotchety, and believe that their judgment in certain matters is superior to that of young folk, which often makes them exacting and difficult to please."

"I don't think I shall find it difficult to please you. I know it will be a pleasure to try."

"That is a very pretty remark, my dear, prompted, I am sure, by a very sweet feeling.

"If we begin by trying to please each other, we shall end by pleasing each other without trying. Would you like to begin soon?"

"Yes, as soon as possible. You cannot think how wretched it is to be alone in a great hotel full of people who never speak to you."

"There is no reason why you should return to the hotel. There is a drawer full of linen that I keep well aired in case my grandchildren should come unexpectedly. You can use that until your own is sent on from the hotel."

I caught granny's soft-skinned thin hand and pressed it, my heart full to overflowing gratitude.

But we had said nothing as to the price I was to pay, and this I hinted at as well as I could.

"I intend that you shall pay, my dear," she replied, "for, though it will be a great comfort to me to have a companion, I do not wish you to be under any feeling of obligation to me.

"On the contrary, I should like the advantage to be on my side, so that you may be under no constraint in speaking if you feel that your position here is irksome, and that you would like to alter it for one with more life and change.

"How much you must pay I cannot tell you now.

"As you may suppose, I am scrupulous about money-matters, and keep my accounts very exactly.

"So that at the end of a month I shall be able to tell to a nicety how much you have cost me—and that will serve as a guide for your future payments."

"Well have you finished the bargain yet?" asked Mr. Gower, coming to the window and leaning upon the sill, with a very large cigar in the corner of his mouth and a straw hat tilted over one eye. Granny keeps this hat for his use.

"Yes, yes," I cried, "it is all settled! I'm not going back to the hotel."

"You're a nice grateful young party, upon my word! You seem quite pleased to think I must go back to town alone. Partly your doings, madam."

He turned his twinkling little eyes upon granny, and moved his cigar from one corner of his mouth to the other.

"Never mind; I'll be revenged. I'll go to the very wickedest theatre that's open."

"And the sooner the better, if we are to be poisoned with smoke while you stay here," retorted granny with spirit.

"You won't escape then! I've given a couple of the strongest cigars I had to that old rascal Richard"—Richard is the baker, who has been in granny's service thirty-five years.

"Well, my dear," he said, taking the cigar out of his mouth and throwing it away, "I'm glad you're going to stay here for your own sake, and for yours equally, Mrs. Simpson."

Granny made him a little mock curtsey, and so the matter ended.

Soon afterwards Mr. Gower went away, after giving a shilling to Jane, the apple-faced maid, and half-a-crown to that "old scoundrel" William, who had fetched a cab and could not look at him without a chuckle and a little sidelong jerk of his head, which seemed to say, "Oh, you are a witty gentleman!"

I wonder what Mrs. Gower would think of her husband's behavior, she who never, to my knowledge, gave a farthing to any one, and maintained that servants were only to be treated with severity and "kept in their place."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

False to her Trust.

BY RANDALL W. BAYLE.

"YOU'LL come, Patty, won't you?"

Patty Purple hesitated and shook her head.

"I oughtn't to," she said.

"And why not, pray?" urged Mary Hawkesley, will ill-disguised impatience. "It's only a quiet evening at the theatre, with Joseph Meeker and Edward Aiken. There's no earthly harm in it."

"But Mrs. Middlethorne don't approve of theatres," said Patty, rather doubtfully, while she fingered the corner of her pink-checked apron.

"How much wages does Mrs. Middlethorne pay you?' asked Mary.

"Ten dollars a quarter," said Mary, innocently. "Why?"

"Oh," retorted Mary. "And do you sell yourself to her, body and soul, for that stupendous amount of money?"

"But she's gone away now, and left me in charge of everything," said Patty.

"And all the more reason that you should improve the opportunity to enjoy yourself a little, and see a bit of the world," said Mary Hawkesley.

"She couldn't have expected you to shut yourself up like a turtle in its shell, all the time she was gone.

"And where would be the harm of an evening's quiet pleasure, once in a great while?

"Mrs. Middlethorne would not know it, and I'm sure you deserve some rest and recreation once in a while."

"I never was at the theatre," said Patty, wistfully. "I should like to go."

Then now's your chance," said Mary Hawkesley.

"Joseph and Edward will buy the tickets and we'll be at the door at half-past seven, precisely."

So Mary Hawkesley went away triumphant.

And Patty Purple sat down by the kitchen window to think it all over.

The theatre.

It was like a dream of unimagined beauty to her innocent and unsophisticated fancy.

She had always longed to see the inside of one, and now here was the opportunity, close at her hand.

It was true that Mrs. Middlethorne, her mistress, regarded theatres as little less obnoxious than the entrance to the bottomless pit itself.

Mrs. Middlethorne was over sixty, and rather old-fashioned in all her views and ideas.

And then, Patty could not help recurring in her mind to what Mary Hawkesley had said about Mrs. Middlethorne never being any the wiser for the evening's pleasuring.

"It'll be no harm," Patty argued to herself.

"The old house will be just as safe, bolted and barred, as if I was in it.

"But, to make sure, I'll just wrap the dozen silver spoons and the housekeeping money that Mrs. Middlethorne left me, in my pocket-handkerchief, and carry it with me."

So Patty Purple yielded to the stress of temptation.

Mary Hawkesley made her appearance at the appointed time with Messrs. Edward Aiken and Joseph Meeker, both of whom were clerks in a neighboring warehouse, all three in gala costume, and the highest possible spirits.

"So you've made up your mind to go?" said Mary, laughingly.

"Yes," said Patty. "I've made up my mind to go."

And as she spoke, her hand involuntarily sought the pocket in her dress pocket where the spoons and the twenty dollars in money were carefully hidden away.

"Well," said Mary Hawkesley, with a toss of her pink-plumed hat, "you show your good sense."

So the little party set out.

But in spite of the delightful anticipations in which she had indulged, Patty did not feel so happy on her way to the theatre as she had expected.

And not in the semi-circular glow of the foot-lights, and the seductive splendors of the little second-class theatre did she recover her wonted elasticity of spirits.

In truth and in fact, Patty Purple felt that she was doing wrong.

Suppose the little oil lamp that she had left burning on the kitchen table should become upset, and burn the house down.

Suppose burglars should work their way into the ungarrisoned citadel and carry off Mrs. Middlethorne's choice old laces, and Mr. Middlethorne's books.

She could not divert her mind from these uncomfortable reflections, although the fair "Nymph of the Starry Glades" pirouetted hither and thither on the stage, the clown cracked his time-honored jokes, and the lime-lights glowed in painted bowers of fairyland.

The villain of the piece vainly practiced his machinations, and—as all stage-villains do—got completely outwitted at the last by the fatherless heroine and her rustic lover, who wore a broad-brimmed straw hat, and carried a crook profusely trimmed with cherry-colored ribbons, in token that he was a shepherd by trade.

And yet all these brilliant' combinations fell, almost unheeded, on the eyes and ears of poor little Patty Purple.

"I declare, Patty," cried Mary, looking suddenly around, "your face is as long as a yard measure.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing," said little Patty, soberly; "only I'm thinking that I ought not to have come."

"Oh, fiddlesticks," cried Mary, impatiently.

"I never saw such an old maid as you are Patty Purple."

But Patty was glad when the curtain descended on the Nymph, and the lime-lights and the curtseying heroine, and the lover, who held tight on to his cherry-ribboned crook until the very last.

"There," said she, with a long breath, "now we can go home."

"Wasn't it sweet? Wasn't it perfectly charming?" cried Mary Hawkesley, with a long breath of satisfaction.

"But you're not going home yet, ladies?" said Mr. Aiken, gallantly.

"Not until we have had the pleasure of treating you to a little ice cream, or so?"

"Well, I'm sure I, for one, shan't object," said Mary, with a giggle.

"But I must go straight home," cried poor Patty.

"I've been too long away already."

"Nonsense," said Mary, pettishly—but Patty adhered firmly to her purpose.

Nor did she feel satisfied until she had bolted the door on her companions, and was once more in the tidy little kitchen, where the oil lamp burned like a solitary star, and a cricket chirped softly on the hearth.

But as she untied her bonnet-strings, and felt in her pocket for the handkerchief in which she had tied up the twelve silver spoons and the money, she discovered, with a sudden thrill of dismay, that it was gone.

Gone, utterly and irretrievably.

Her pocket had been picked.

Poor little Patty.

If she had robbed the Bank of England and been detected in the act, she could scarcely have felt more guilty and conscious stricken.

Her mistress had trusted her, and she had proved unfaithful to that trust—and Patty wished that she were dead.

"If I only hadn't listened to Mary Hawkesley.

"If I had done what I know to be my duty, and stayed at home," sobbed Patty, with her face buried in the kitchen roller-towel.

Mrs. Middlethorne returned quite unexpectedly home the next day, and to her Patty confessed her fault, weeping and penitent.

"Discharge me if you please, ma'am," said she.

"I know I deserve it on account of the spoons and the twenty dollars.

"But I'll work my fingers to the bone but what I'll pay you back, ma'am.

"And if you'll only say you forgive me, ma'am, I'll feel better."

Mrs. Middlethorne did not discharge Patty—and she did forgive her.

"You made a mistake, child," said she.

"It's what most of us do, once or twice in the course of a lifetime.

"You may pay me back, by degrees, what you've lost.

"I do not object to that. But I'm willing to trust you for the future, and I don't believe this will happen again."

"Oh, ma'am, how shall I ever thank you?" said Patty, with a fresh flood of tears.

And from that time forward, Patty Purple was a better and more faithful girl.

An Old Man's Darling.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

MR. ECCLESDALE thought he had the sweetest and most charming little wife in the world.

Harmon Ecclesdale was a rich old bachelor when he met Catherine Felton for the first time.

It was all the merest succession of chances in the world, as such things so very often are.

Mr. Ecclesdale was having his photograph taken, to send to an eccentric old uncle, half way across the world somewhere.

Miss Felton was the young lady who colored photographs for Messrs. Camera, Obscura and Co.

He caught just the least glimpse in the world of Miss Felton in her studio, and hopelessly, completely, irrevocably in love.

Catherine Felton was none of your majestic, Joan-of-Arc beauties—only a little dimpled, pink-faced thing, with yellow fluffy hair, deep blue eyes, and a smiling mouth, for all the world like a china shepherdress.

The idea of her earning her own living seemed perfectly absurd and out of the question.

She was that very sort of person who ought to be hung with jewels, set upon a satin cushion, and fed with a gold spoon.

And Harmon Ecclesdale treated her accordingly.

A little photograph colorer found herself the mistress of a handsome house, where the profusion of fresco, gilding, and Aubusson carpet nearly bewildered her, with a maid at every turn, more silk dresses than she could count, and nothing to do all day long but to practice on the grand new piano that stood in the front drawing-room, and read the brilliantly-bound books in the Russian-leather-smelling library.

Is it any wonder that little Catherine felt like a female Aladdin, who had come into possession of some mysterious fortune?

As for Mr. Ecclesdale himself, he looked at his pretty little wife with the utmost satisfaction.

"Are you quite sure, darling," said he, "that you never had any lovers before I came along?"

"Quite sure, love," said Mrs. Ecclesdale—and Harmon believed her.

"I daresay I'm an old fool,"; said he to himself.

"But there's something so true and honest in those blue eyes of hers, that I could not doubt her if I would!

"No, no, I think she has never had any sweethearts but me!"

And in that consciousness Mr. Ecclesdale hugged himself.

Old Joe Jenkinson, his partner, who believed in nothing and nobody, elevated his purple bottle-nose at Ecclesdale's folly.

"No fool like an old fool," said he. "As if any woman of the lot of 'em was to be depended on!

"Pshaw! It ain't in human nature. Some day you'll wake up to the fact that you've been egregiously deluded all along!"

"I'll risk it," said Ecclesdale, with a calm confidence that made Jenkinson more indignant than ever.

"'Still waters run deep,'" quoted Jenkinson.

"And mark my words, you'll find that your piece of pink-and-white perfection is no better than other folks, one of these days."

Now Ecclesdale knew Jenkinson perfectly well, and understood just how much weight might be attached to his words, but, for all that, they made him a little uncomfortable, and he wished that Jenkinson had seen fit to hold his carping tongue.

He went home, trusting in the magic of Catherine's sapphire-blue eyes to charm away the evil spirit in his heart—but Catherine was not at home.

"She didn't expect you back from the office so early, sir," said the housekeeper, a grim female in dyed bombazine, and a widow's cap which had the generally defiant air of a warrior's helmet.

"She received a letter by post, and went out."

"A letter! A letter from whom?" asked Mr. Ecclesdale.

"I don't know sir," said Mrs. Marmalade directly.

Catherine had no correspondents except her mother, and Mr. Ecclesdale wondered what this could possibly mean.

He went moodily up to his wife's dressing-room.

There on the sofa, lay the blue silk morning dress she had just thrown off, and out of one of its dainty little pockets peeped—a letter.

Mr. Ecclesdale was human, and he could not resist the temptation of taking out that letter and looking at it.

"I daresay it's some milliner's bill," said he, half aloud.

But it wasn't.

It was nothing of the sort.

It was a half sheet of foolscap paper doubled and scribbled over in a huge masculine hand.

"DARLING KITTY,—Just come to town. Meet me at the old place. How is Old Bluebeard?

"Affectionately, your own
"Monday, 10 A.M. "TOM."

Mr. Ecclesfield dropped the letter as if it had been a hornet that had stung him on the hand.

Then, scarcely believing his own senses, he picked it up again, and read it through a second time.

"Who the mischief is Tom?" he asked himself.

"And what does he mean by calling my wife his 'Darling Kitty?'

"And is it possible that old 'Bluebeard' means me?"

He sat down on the sofa, stunned, as it were, and dazed.

"Old Bluebeard," and "Darling Kitty," and "Your own Tom," seemed to dance before his vision in a weird, whirling confusion.

And then tears gushed up to his eyes—tears, salter and more bitter than the waters of the Dead Sea.

He had had such faith in blue-eyed Catherine!

He had reposed in her such implicit confidence, that now that the cornerstone of the edifice of all this faith was torn away, it seemed as if the whole universe was toppling around him.

"I'll send her home to her mother," said he, hoarsely.

"I'll break up housekeeping and go to Germany.

"What does it matter where or how I live if I have to do without little Catherine?"

And then he remembered old Jenkinson's croaking prophecies, and pictured to himself old Jenkinson's exultations in their speedy realizations.

"Confound the fellow!" thought he, involuntarily clenching his hand, "how shall I ever face him, after this?"

And Ecclesdale sat down, and let his head sink on his hands.

He felt like one who has received a mortal blow, and is bleeding silently to death with slow, unremitting pangs.

Little Catherine was false—and the whole world had lost its charm!

"Harmon! dear Harmon! what is the matter?"

It was Catherine herself, flushed and pretty, in her seal-skin jacket and garnet-colored silk dress.

He started up, and looked her in the face with bloodshot eyes.

"Catherine, where have you been?"

"Out in the pony-phaeton, driving Cousin Kitty Bradley's little girls around the park," she answered, frankly, and without the least hesitation.

"Are you telling me the truth?"

"Of course I am. Why shouldn't I?" said Catherine, with round blue eyes of innocent wonder.

"I had an appointment to drive Cousin Kitty herself out, but her brother Tom—poor Tom, he's the black sheep of the family, and always under a cloud—came up to town suddenly, and wanted to see her.

"Kitty sent me his note, with her letter of excuse, and I put it in my pocket to—why, where is it?"

And Catherine felt in all her little succession of pockets with a bewildered sort of air.

Mr. Ecclesdale jumped up, feeling as if a hundred tons' weight was lifted off his heart.

"Then this letter wasn't written to you?" producing the missing document.

"To me! of course not. Oh, Harmon, did you think——"

"My darling," said Ecclesdale, "I was a fool!

"And who," following up the lines with his forefinger, "was 'Old Bluebeard?'"

"That's Cousin Kitty's big Newfoundland dog, that used to be poor Tom's pet," said Catherine.

"You saw him the last time we were at Mr. Bradley's."

Mr. Ecclesdale burst out laughing.

"Kiss me, my dear," said he. "I thought 'Old Bluebeard' me. Ha, ha, ha!"

And old Jenkinson had no opportunity of exulting, after all.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE PLAID.—An old MS. dated A. M. 3664 relates that the colors of the Scotch plaid were regulated by law according to the rank of the wearer. The peasants were allowed to wear a dress of but one sombre color, the soldiery two colors, the commoners and noble youth three, four for a franklin or lesser landowner, five for chiefs, and seven for the king. The clans adopted this peculiar tartans as a uniform by which they might be known in battle.

THE DOVE FLOWER.—In Washington in the botanical gardens there was recently a "Holy Ghost" or Dove, flower. The flowers are about three inches in diameter, and in appearance are like white wax. The bottom of the cup shows what appears like a dove in a sitting posture, with wings extended, about half the body being visible. In front of the dove is seen the resemblance of an altar, with dots of maroon color, the only coloring about the flower, which is pleasantly fragrant.

ATTAR OF ROSES.—To please the voluptuous Jehangeir, it is said, his favorite sultana caused the bath in the palace garden to be filled to the brim with rose-water. The action of the sun soon concentrated the oily particles which were found floating on its surface, and the attendant, supposing the water to have become corrupt, began to skim it for the the purpose of taking off the oil. The globules burst under the process, and emitted such a delightful odor that the idea of preparing this beautiful perfume was at once suggested.

A CURIOUS RELIC.—A Portland, Oregon, doctor was recently presented with a contrivance for punching out the eyes of human beings, and which was used, it is said, upon Indian doctors who repeatedly failed to cure their patients. It is of stone, about a foot long, a half inch thick, and varying in width from one inch at the ends to three inches at the centre, the width of the latter being caused by a double-pointed projection on one side, the points so arranged as to strike each eye in the centre, while the groove between protects the nose from injury.

CHINESE NAMES.—Every male child born in China is first called by his "milk name." When he grows old enough to attend school he takes a "book name." When he has learned the mysteries of composition he competes for literary honors under the assumed name, which is finally adopted when he successfully passes his examinations and obtains his degree. His equals address him by another, either coined by themselves or adopted by him. At his marriage he adopts still another, called "style." In addition to those enumerated, nicknames are also common. They are all fanciful. We do not have any conventional "Thomas, Richard and Henry," and the rest. All our names are words which mean something and are taken from the dictionary. For example, Yan means "by imperial favor," and Phou, or Foo, signifies wealth, that is, wealth by the Emperor's favor. Girls generally have only the "milk name," and oftentimes, especially when they have grown to be women, they are simply designated by numbers according to their birth.

NEVER—NEVER.

BY RITA.

She was a blithesome maid who sang,
Close by the cottage window sitting;
Sweet and clear were the notes that rang
Out on the air where the birds are flitting;
Merrily, merrily sang the birds,
But none could exactly guess their words,
While the maid so clever,
And blushing never,
Sang, "Where I love, I love forever!"

He was a youth just passing by
While the maid was singing, oh, so sweetly!
Who to the garden gate drew nigh
And listened there, entranced completely;
For the sound of a voice so sweet and clear
Was rapturous music to his ear,
And he said, "Ah! never
Would I wish to sever
From one who loves, and loves forever!"

The maiden smiled on her lover's suit,
When at her feet he made confession;
Her eyes were bright, but her voice was mute
When she gave her heart into his possession.
But now together their lives are set,
They sing in unison this duet:
"We'll dissever
Never—never!
For when we love, we love forever!"

HIS LOVE ALONE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BLACK VEIL," "HER MOTHER'S CRIME," "A BROKEN WEDDING-RING," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

MEANWHILE time went on. Catherine had worked very hard for many weeks, kept her temper, made the best of troublesome times, and struggled bravely in her small, little, feeble way; and she began to feel a little tired—as people do sometimes — a little lonely and injured.

"She was not quite so simple, cheery, unconscious, as she had been when she first came.

"The way in which people change and fail under vexation and worry has always seemed to me the saddest part of pain.

The Butlers were very kind to her; but she lived by herself in the big busy house; and, if she dreamed and longed for companionship and sympathy that might not be hers, one cannot blame her very harshly.

Catherine thought that it was because she was a governess that such things were denied to her.

She did not then know that to no one—neither to governesses, pupils, nor parents—is that full and entire sympathy given for which so many people—women especially—go seeking all their lives long.

Olive Walpole closed the book from which she had read this extract, and looked out of the window of the railway-car in which she was traveling northward as the Edinburgh express from King's Cross could take her, with a feeling of oppression at her heart and a mist of tears in her brown eyes, which blotted out the scenery through which she was passing, and made it seem strangely dim and unreal.

An orphan, and almost without relatives or friends, she was going to the little village of Churston, five or six miles from York, where she had obtained a situation as governess.

Olive was one of those women who have to depend upon their own exertions for a home and livelihood, and who have to fight that battle of life in which so many men are vanquished and beaten back, and in which women have so little chance of success.

Her father had been a country surgeon in good practice.

He had lived quite up to his income, educated his daughter without regard to expense, indulged her in every possible way when she left her fashionable and expensive school, and, dying suddenly, had left her almost penniless in her twenty-first year.

Poor little Olive!

After twenty long years of sunshine and fair weather, the dreary dark days had come.

She had met them bravely enough, and had taken up her burden with a true noble courage for which her former life had hardly been a good preparation.

If now at the last moment, when the final plunge was to be taken, her courage began to fail a little, it was not to be wondered at.

She was weary and tired too, and she hated traveling alone in a railway car in the company of a gentleman whom she did not know, and who, although he had been kind and polite enough, was now deep in the *World*, and took no more notice of her.

But those were not the chief reasons for the sudden depression which fell upon her.

It was the book she had been reading, one of the sweetest and saddest stories ever written.

It had been bought for her at King's Cross station by a porter whom she had requested to get her a book.

When she had read a few pages, an odd feeling struck her for a moment that the man must have known what her destination and position were, and that he had bought the book intentionally, although the thought passed away the next moment, with a smile at her own stupidity.

It was hardly likely that a railway-porter had read *The Village on the Cliff*.

The story had charmed and fascinated her but it saddened her terribly.

Was the life of the poor young governess depicted therein a description of what her life to come would be?

Would she too "work hard, keep her temper, and struggle bravely?"

Would she, like poor Catherine George, "feel tired and lonely and injured?"

Would she too long for "companionship and sympathy which would never be hers?"

Would she too fall in love with a man who would not dream of caring for "the governess," and live a lonely, unloved, desolate life?

And then Olive's thoughts went back to books she had read in which governesses were ill-used and miserable, slighted and subdued.

Although Olive's experience of them in real life did not quite coincide with these views—she had known many happy bright women who were filling the position nobly and usefully—she began to think that their situations were unusually good ones, and made the exceptions which proved the rule.

Certainly Lady Harriet Churston had sent her very kind and friendly letters.

But then some people's letters were much nicer than themselves, and she might be proud, selfish, and disagreeable, and make Olive's position a very unpleasant one indeed.

Trying to dismiss her happy thoughts, she re-opened her book, and read on for some time.

But the sadness—so terribly real, so bitterly true—of the story overcame her, and she closed the book again, with tears gathering thickly in her eyes, and ready, on very little provocation, to rush down her cheeks.

It was all dark and desolate and miserable, Olive thought.

It was some minutes before she forced back her tears, and gave a shy glance at the gentleman who occupied the seat by the other window, to see if he had noticed her emotion.

But he was busily occupied with his newspaper.

He was a young man, tall and slender, with fair curly hair, blue eyes, and a smart little moustache.

In personal appearance, he must have resembled the hero of the book she had just closed, except that Miss Thackeray describes Richard Butler as short, whereas Miss Walpole's traveling-companion was tall.

Olive had thought how uncomfortable it must be to travel for some hours in a railway-car with such legs to dispose of.

Probably he was used to the inconvenience, for he seemed to make himself remarkably comfortable.

He had ensconced himself in his corner with an immense amount of literature scattered around him, a traveling-bag replete with everything calculated to make the journey less irksome, and a dainty silver flask and cup, which were pretty enough to make any one thirsty.

Another point in which he resembled Dick Butler was his dress.

Like Miss Thackeray's hero, he was dressed "like a young man of fashion," in a light tweed traveling-suit and a summer overcoat.

Olive glanced at him shyly from beneath the long lashes which shaded her wistful brown eyes, and thought that he was handsome and pleasant to see.

A little smile stole into the depths of the lustrous eyes as she looked.

At the same moment he looked up.

The sad wistful brown eyes and the merry—rather admiring—blue ones met.

The stranger smiled, threw down his paper, and shifted his seat for one nearer Olive.

"I am very glad that you have closed your book," he said, in a pleasant friendly voice.

"I am sure it is a sad story. May I ask its name?"

"It is *The Village on the Cliff*, answered Olive, in her shy sweet voice.

"Miss Thackeray's story," he rejoined, taking the book gently from her hand and turning over the leaves with careless fingers on one of which gleamed a superb diamond-ring.

"It is charmingly written and extremely lifelike, but very sad.

"Not at all a fit book for a young lady traveling alone, and already a little sorrowful. Suppose we taboo it, and talk?"

There was something irresistibly frank and friendly in his pleasant voice and manner, and Olive's loneliness made her peculiarly sensitive to any kindness; so she returned his smile with a very frank sweet glance and prepared to enjoy a chat.

Her companion was evidently wishful to make himself agreeable.

He talked well, with the ease of a well-bred man, and with the wit and discernment of a clever one.

He talked of scenery, places, and books, the latest London on-dits, pictures, statues, and foreign lands.

Although Olive's acquaintance with the latter was limited to two years at a pensionnat de demoiselles in Paris and the same space of time at a similar establishment at Hanover, she was an intelligent listener, while an occasional quaint witty remark from her pretty red lips made her companion smile.

He was amazed at her knowledge of foreign tongues.

"How many languages do you speak?" he said at last, smiling.

"I can see that you are perfectly fluent in the two tongues most young ladies speak more or less well in this nineteenth century—French and German.

"You tell me that you have read Cervates in the original."

"My father lived in Spain for many years in his youth," she answered quietly; "and when I left school, it was very pleasant to study something together.

"He taught me Latin also, and what little Italian I know I owe to him."

"You must be a first-rate linguist," he said cordially.

"Such a knowledge of languages would not be surprising in a Russ or a Dane; but in an English girl it is most unusual. Your father must be proud of his pupil."

"He is dead," returned Olive softly, with a little quiver of her lip; and the brown eyes looked away for a moment out of the window, with a pathetic glance which touched Wilfred Treherne.

"I beg your pardon," he said very gently. "I ought to have been more careful."

"You could not tell," she rejoined quietly; then she went on in a lighter tone, "It is very fortunate that I am a fair linguist, now that I am going to be a governess."

"A governess?" he repeated in surprise. "Surely you might make a better use of your acquirements!"

The color mounted a little in the fair cheeks; and Olive's eyes met his a little reproachfully.

"I beg your pardon," he said again, with a touch of embarrassment. "Of course it is impossible for an outsider to judge, but it seems a waste of talent.

"Pardon me for my seeming impertinence," he added very gently.

"There is no impertinence," answered Olive.

"You know governessing is almost the only thing open to girls who are forced by circumstances to earn their living and have not been brought up to anything else."

"Therefore the governess-market is overstocked," he said gravely.

"Apparently not," she answered, smiling, "since I have had no difficulty in obtaining a situation."

"In all probability few ladies bring so many wars to market," he said, with a smile, but with some dissatisfaction in his voice.

It vexed Wilfred Treherne—whose life had been a carelessly happy, thoughtless existence—to think that this young girl, whose beauty seemed equalled by her talent and surpassed by her rare grace and charm of manner, half proud, half sad, should be destined to pass her life in a schoolroom, imparting the rudiments of grammer, geography, and arithmetic, and losing her spring freshness over the first principles of music.

There was a moment's silence after this.

"Have you no friends who could save you from the drudgery of such an existence?" he said at length.

"I am quite aware of the strangeness of such an interference from a complete stranger as I am; but I do not like the thought of that life for you."

Olive's lips quivered a little.

She was naturally frank and outspoken herself, and she did not resent an interference which was evidently kindly meant.

"It is very kind of you," she answered, forcing a smile; "but there was no other course open to me; indeed I think I have been unusually fortunate.

"Lady Churston, to whom I am going, has written such very kind, friendly letters."

"Lady Churston!" he repeated, looking surprised and pleased.

"Are you going to her? Then our acquaintance, so pleasantly begun, will not end here, I am glad to say; for Lady Churston has the honor and felicity of being my mother."

"Your mother!" exclaimed Olive, in equal surprise. "How strange!"

"I would rather you had said, 'How nice!'" he said, laughing. "Let me introduce myself.

"My name is Wilfred Treherne, and my father was Lady Churston's first husband; so it is my little step-sisters who will have the pleasure of being taught by you.

"Well, they are not bad children on the whole, although Flossie is dreadfully spoilt: and Churston is such a splendid old place, and set in the midst of such wild and romantic scenery, that if, to all your other accomplishments, you add that of being an artist, you will be delighted."

"Then my lot does not seem to you such a pitiable one now?" she said, smiling, her spirits rising at the thought which crossed her mind that at least she would have one friend at Churston Hall.

"Not quite," he replied, smiling also. "For one thing, I am so delighted at knowing that our acquaintance will not end here that I am inclined to see things in a rose-colored light just now; and, seriously, I think you will be happy with my mother. She is a thoroughly good-natured woman, and clever enough to appreciate you; and Sir Mark is a most perfect gentleman in every sense of the word.

"No," he went on thoughtfully, "though I say it who should not, I do not think you could have been better off.

"And you know that you have already one friend at Churston, although I may not be there often."

"You do not live there?" said Olive, with a shade of disappointment crossing her fair young face, at which Wilfred smiled slightly.

"No; I have the honor to be one of her most gracious Majesty's soldiers," he rejoined, laughing, "and, as such, I am only able to get occasional leave of absence, which I have hitherto not taken great advantage of to visit Churston.

"Now however I mean to amend my ways and become a more dutiful attentive son; so, whenever I can get leave, I shall be rushing northwards, and you may expect to see me pretty often. Will you be glad?"

"Yes," she said shyly. "You are very good."

But at this moment they glided into York Station; and Wilfred Treherne, uttering an exclamation of surprise at thus having so soon arrived at their destination, with an expressive glance at Olive to convey to her that she had made the time pass so quickly, began hurriedly to collect her wraps and his own.

"There will be a carriage to meet you," he said, as he handed her out. "And I must ask you to give me a seat home, for I am quite unexpected."

"Lady Churston said she would send to meet me," said Olive timidly; for she was feeling nervous and frightened at the large station, the numerous travelers, and the hurrying porters.

"I will take care of you," remarked her companion as he drew her hand within his arm.

"Porter, go and see if there is a carriage from Churston to meet us."

Almost as he spoke a servant in livery came through the crowd, and, seeing Wilfred Treherne, started and touched his hat.

"I beg your pardon, sir. I don't understand that you were expected," he said hurriedly.

"A carriage is here waiting for a young lady — Miss" — he hesitated, and consulted a written card he held—"Miss Walpole."

"It is all right, Hughes. Miss Walpole is here; and she will be kind enough to give me a seat home," said Captain Treherne as he relinquished his parcels.

"How about the luggage, Hughes? Is the cart here?"

"No, sir; it will be here in an hour," the man answered.

"I have already given directions for the young lady's trunks. What luggage have you, sir?"

"Only my portmanteau. Come along, Miss Walpole; you must be glad to be at your journey's end."

The drive was a long and pleasant one, through wild and romantic scenery; but, artist as she was, Olive was too troubled in mind to pay any attention to it.

She started painfully and clasped her little gloved hands tightly together as the carriage entered some extensive and beautifully-kept grounds.

"This is Churston," said Captain Treherne kindly.

"I hope it will be a happy home to you."

A pretty quaint stone lodge was built at the entrance of the park, and the lodge-keeper's wife came out, smiling and curtseying, with a baby in her arms, to greet Wilfred, who gave her a few laughing words, and complimented her on her good looks and the baby's.

The carriage drove on until they stopped at a handsome and substantial stone-built house, a quaint combination of ancient and modern architecture.

The great hall-door was open, and Olive could see a large square hall, carved oak furniture, black with age and shining like ebony.

Bearskin rugs were scattered on the polished floor, suits of armor decorated the walls, and quaint china bowls filled with flowers were placed here and there, and gave forth a faint sweet fragrance on the summer air.

"Where is her ladyship?" asked Captain Treherne of the butler, who had come forward at the sound of the carriage-wheels, and whose face exhibited faint symptoms of surprise at his young master appearing in Miss Walpole's company.

"Her ladyship in on the lawn, sir, with the young ladies and Sir Mark," he answered.

"She begged that Miss Walpole would kindly go to her there."

"Very well. I will show Miss Walpole the way," said Wilfred.

Turning away from the servant and opening one of the many doors which opened into the hall, he led the way through a pretty bright-looking sitting-room and a conservatory on the lawn, where a group of people were gathered, who turned with some surprise to greet Captain Treherne and his companion.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT Olive Walpole saw when she passed out of the conservatory at Captain Treherne's side was something like one of Watteau's pictures, and remained long engraved on her memory.

A lawn, smooth as velvet and green as grass can be.

Rose-bushes in bloom, and geranium-beds flowering brightly in vivid spots of color, scarlet, pink, and white, on the emerald ground.

A tall, stately-looking woman, with shining uncovered hair of a deep rich gold—still luxuriant— wearing a long flowing dress of the palest mauve, and looking stately and queenlike as she fanned herself languidly, while the gems on her white fingers flashed with every movement.

By her side a little gipsy table with delicate Sevres cups and glittering silver tea equipage, and luscious strawberries, looking temptingly refreshing on a hot day.

At her feet a sweet child of ten or eleven, with bright blue eyes, and golden hair tied up with pink ribbons, resting her head on her mother's knee.

At a little distance a pretty girl in white, with blue ribbons at her throat and wrists.

And standing beside her, carelessly leaning against a rustic summer-house, was a tall, broad-shouldered dark man, who Olive concluded at once, and rightly, was Sir Mark Churston.

She thought that the difference between his age and his wife's must be considerable, for he looked scarcely older than Captain Treherne himself.

A second child, two or three years older than the other, was standing by his side, with her hand slipped through his arm and her head resting against him carelessly.

She was by no means pretty.

Her face was strangely unchildlike, grave, proud, and tender, and she bore a certain resemblance to the man on whose arm she leant, who was bending over her to answer some question as Olive and her companion appeared on the scene.

Olive looked at them with puzzled eyes.

Sir Mark must have married very young, she thought, to be the father of those two girls.

Lady Churston was the first to notice their approach.

It was her exclamation of "Wilfred!" which made the others turn, and five pairs of eyes fixed themselves wonderingly on the fair slender girl in her simple traveling-dress, who stood waiting, with the sunlight falling on her bronze-brown hair, and a world of wistful pathetic pleading in her brown eyes.

"An unexpected pleasure for you, my dear mother," said Captain Treherne, smiling.

"I always like to give people a pleasant surprise if I can.

"Why, Lucia"—and he went forward eagerly to the young lady in white—"this is an unexpected happiness for me! Why did no one tell me that you were here?"

"Are you quite sure that some friendly little bird did not whisper the information into your ear?" said Sir Mark, in a rich, deep, pleasant voice.

"Surely it did; for, when I wrote to you some weeks since, you answered that it was impossible to get leave."

"So it was then," Wilfred answered gaily, relinquishing the little hand he held, and turning from the fair face which had brightened and flushed under his glance.

"However it was fortunate I deferred my journey, as I had the pleasure of meeting this young lady, who, like myself, was bound for Churston Hall. Mother, it is Miss Walpole."

Lady Churston went forward, held out her hand kindly, and took Olive's trembling little fingers in her hand.

"Very tired, very nervous, and very much afraid of us all," was her ladyship's mental comment, as she said kindly, "I am glad to see you, Miss Walpole. I hope you are not very tired.

"Let me introduce Sir Mark Churston to you.

"Violet," she added, "come and make acquaintance with Miss Walpole. Flossie dear!"

Sir Mark bowed gravely.

Violet left his side and put out her hand with a gesture of timid friendliness, while golden-haired Flossie came forward with a pout, and made a pretty fashionable curtsey, which caused Olive to smile in spite of her tremor.

"I see you are already acquainted with my son," went on Lady Churston smiling.

"But I must make an introduction en regle. Miss, Walpole, Captain Treherne. Lucia, let me present you to Miss Walpole. Miss Walpole, Miss Allan."

"I think we have met before," said Olive, stammering a little as Miss Allan bowed slightly.

"Have you forgotten me? We were at Madame Fonblanque's together."

"Indeed?" said Lucia Allan languidly. "I do not remember. Ah, yes, I do now!

"Olive Walpole, I think. How do you do?"

And she held out the little white hand which Captain Treherne had kept so long in his, with a faint, cold smile on her face which chilled poor Olive and made her feel as if she had committed a blunder.

"You will like to go to your room at once, perhaps," observed Lady Churston, "or shall I give you a cup of tea here? You would rather go to your room? Then Violet will show you the way: and, if you should require anything, pray ring, and the school-room maid will answer at once."

Lady Churston turned to her son and began to talk to him, while Violet moved towards the house with Olive.

Sir Mark walked beside them, making a few kind remarks, and, having opened the conservatory door, bowed courteously and returned to the group on the lawn.

When the child had left her and she found herself alone in the pretty chintz-hung chamber appropriated to the governess at Churston Hall, Olive sat down in a low chair by the window and tried to choke back the sobs which would come in spite of every effort.

Not all her anticipations had given her an idea of the reality, and, kind as her reception had been, it had chilled and dispirited her.

There had been in Lady Churston's manner something indefinable and yet none the less perceivable, which told Olive that she had sunk into a sphere lower than the one in which she had hitherto moved; and Miss Allan's polite manner had made her feel immeasurably inferior to her former schoolfellow, over whom she had tyrannized a little in the old days at Passy, when Olive Walpole had queened it at Madame Fonblanque's by reason of her beauty and accomplishments.

"It is dreadful—it is dreadful! I cannot bear it—I cannot bear it!" sobbed Olive, with her head in her hands, leaving untouched the tea which Lady Churston had sent up to her, and rocking herself to and fro on her low chair.

"Oh, papa, papa, why did you leave your little girl? Why did you not take me with you, my darling? How can you be happy when you know I am so desolate?"

"Miss Walpole, mamma sent me," said a soft voice at her side.

And, looking up, Olive saw Violet Churston regarding her with tender, passionate eyes.

"I knocked twice," the child said softly. "Oh, Miss Walpole, we will be good and kind to you, and we will love you. Do not cry so."

Violet put her face down to Olive's; and, as the young governess held out her hands, the child nestled to her.

"I have lost my papa, too," she said; "but I have Mark, and Will, and Flossie, and mamma."

And, while Olive wondered a little why "mamma" came last in the catalogue of dear ones, she learned at the same time that Sir Mark Churston was not Violet's father, but her step-brother.

Meanwhile the group on the lawn had been discussing Olive Walpole, and Lady Churston was making close inquiries from her son as to when and where he had made her acquaintance.

"My dear mother," said Captain Treherne, a little impatiently, "Miss Walpole was my traveling companion from King's Cross to York; but it was only just after we passed Doncaster that I made her acquaintance, and then the little chat we had made me blame that insular reticence of ours which always prevents our making acquaintances on the spot.

"The latter part of our journey was so exceedingly pleasant that I could not help regretting that the first part had not been equally so."

Lady Churston looked just a little dissatisfied.

"She looks very young," she observed. "She wrote that she was two-and-twenty; but she does not look to be more than eighteen."

"I dare say Lucia can enlighten you on that point, as they were contemporaries at Madame Fonblanque's," returned Captain Treherne, indifferently, as he turned to Sir Mark and addressed to him some question about a recent addition to his stables.

And while the two gentlemen entered into an animated conversation, Lady Churston and Miss Allan continued the interrupted discourse.

After a time a chance phrase caught Sir Mark's ear, and he stopped for a moment to listen.

"Yes," Miss Allan was saying, "she has a most unfortunate appearance."

"Are you talking of Miss Walpole?" said Sir Mark, in surprise.

"Yes," answered Lucia, turning to him, with a smile.

"And saying that she has an unfortunate appearance?" Sir Mark continued. "Why, in my opinion, she has one of the loveliest faces I ever saw!"

Lucia bit her lip.

Wilfred Treherne smiled, and Lady Churston answered:

"But that is the very reason, Mark. She is very beautiful, indeed; there can hardly be two opinions on that point; but such unusual good looks are very undesirable in a governess."

"The 'fatal dower of beauty,' I suppose," said Captain Treherne, looking somewhat vexed.

"Why for a governess?" asked Sir Mark Churston, quietly.

"Because of her position," said Lucia, quickly.

And Sir Mark glanced at her with a gleam of satire in his grave, dark eyes.

"Of her position!" he repeated, coolly. "What is her position? I do not see anything peculiar in it.

"According to my judgment, a governess is a lady with a profession, just as a lawyer or a doctor is a gentleman with a profession; and you and I, Lucia, are not such snobs as to look down upon a lady because she happens to be poor.

"I think," he went on, seeing she did not speak, "that we English people might learn a good lesson from our French neighbors here. They, at least, have the good sense and good taste to recognize the——"

"Oh, spare us any more discourse, Mark," said Miss Allan, rather impatiently. "I am English, you see, and I retain English prejudices.

"Governesses are usually treated with a good deal more consideration than they deserve, for they are generally quite equal to taking their own parts.

"And nine out of ten people would think Olive Walpole's a very unfortunate appearance for a governess."

"I will be the tenth, then," he replied, turning away with a little laugh, which had a ring of contempt in it. "And I do not think," he added, "that Lady Churston need be afraid of any design on Wilfred on the part of the young lady in question, for she looks as modest and retiring as she is undoubtedly pretty. Ah, there is the dressing-bell!"

As he spoke he walked off across the lawn.

Lucia rose and gathered up her long white train, with a little grimace.

"I am glad you are safe, Wilfred," she said gaily. "Let us hope that Miss Walpole will be equally invulnerable, I believe you are very fortunate as far as accomplishments go, Lady Churston," she added, as they proceeded towards the house. "Olive bade fair to be a very clever linguist and musician when I knew her."

"She seems well acquainted with several languages," observed Captain Treherne, as he strolled on with Miss Allan behind Lady Churston, "and I hope she will be successful in reducing Miss Floss to something like discipline.

"By-the-by, Lucia, if I am invulnerable," he went on, with a half-laughing glance down at her, "I don't think Mark is. I have never heard him so enthusiastic about any one's beauty in my life; and who knows where his chivalrous pity for her position might lead him?"

"It would hardly lead him to matrimony," said Miss Allan, laughing, although her color faded a little.

"Remember that we are in the nineteenth century, dear cousin, and Mark is not at all likely to fall in love with his sister's teacher; and even if he were to do so, he would certainly not marry her."

"If he should fall in love with her, my dear child, he would certainly marry her, if she, on her side, consented to be mistress of Churston Hall—of which there is very little doubt.

"At the same time, cousin," continued Captain Treherne, as he opened the conservatory door, and carefully avoided treading on Miss Allan's valenciennes-trimmed flounces, "as I am more than three parts smitten with her myself, I propose that we should enter into an alliance, both offensive and defensive, having for our object to prevent Mark throwing himself away."

"I don't think him capable of it," said Lucia, rather coldly. "He is not quite so impressionable as a certain gentleman of my acquaintance.

"Seriously, Will, if you are smitten with the children's governess, you need not fear any rivalry from your brother."

So saying, Lucia Allan tripped lightly up the broad staircase, holding her train in one hand, while she laid the other on the carved balustrade, coquettishly giving Captain Treherne a glimpse of a tiny pair of high-heeled shoes as she turned her head to glance at him as he stood in the hall.

And Wilfred nodded his head, with a light laugh.

"You grow prettier and prettier, Lucia," he said. "Thanks for your assurance. I had no idea matters were so far advanced. When may I congratulate you?"

"When I give you leave," Lucia answered, as her pretty, white-robed figure disappeared.

And while Wilfred stood where she had left him, looking a little disturbed, his cousin went on to her room with a conscious wish, which she tried to dispel, that Wilfred were the baronet and eligible one instead of Sir Mark.

He was much handsomer, and so agreeable.

CHAPTER III.

"THE fact is, Mark, that I am up a tree—uncommonly high up, too!"

There was no mistaking the sincerity of the speaker, or the truth of his assertion, for Wilfred Treherne's handsome face was clouded with a look of deep anxiety and trouble.

And he was ruefully contemplating his cheroot as if to avoid meeting Sir Mark's eyes.

The two young men were in the billiard-room at Churston Hall, about three weeks after Olive Walpole's arrival.

And, after a game of billiards, in which Wilfred had proved himself so unusually unskilful as to elicit an expression of surprise from his opponent, he had thrown down his cue, lighted a cigar, and finally, in answer to Sir Mark's question, had made answer—

"The fact is, Mark, that I am up a tree, and uncommonly high up too!"

Sir Mark's face darkened slightly, and his lip curled a little; but he was silent for a moment.

"You are fond of climbing," he said, rather coldly then. "How many times have you been up a tree in my recollection?"

"A good many," replied Wilfred ruefully. "You have been awfully good, Mark!"

"I don't know about that," said Sir Mark. "I think the kindest thing I could have done for you, Will, would have been to let you go to the bad long ago. Don't you see, old fellow," he went on, putting his hand on the young man's shoulder, "that, as long as I help you, you are making no effort to amend your ways.

"You go down hill fast enough, you know, and don't make an attempt to put on the brake."

"I do—I really do, Mark," declared Wilfred quickly. "But you don't know how hard it is. The fellows will play, you know—and one can't hold out; and baccarat is such a confoundedly losing game—and I always lose."

"You must give it up," said Mark decidedly. "You know as well as I do, Will, that lots of your brother officers are poorer than yourself, and they won't get into debt."

"What is the amount?" asked Sir Mark quietly. "I am not very flush of cash myself just now, you know; that new wing and the stables have been rather expensive; but, if I can, I will help you—for one reason."

Wilfred Treherne looked up quickly, and their eyes met.

Sir Mark's face was pale and grave, in his dark eyes there was a look of sadness; but he was smiling.

"I think I have guessed how it is with you, Will," he said. "And, if it is so, I am sure you will try to keep straight."

"You know I cannot afford to think of matrimony," returned Wilfred evasively.

"We will see about that," said Sir Mark cheerfully. "I should like that poor little girl to be happy; and I don't think she is happy with us. Well, this is an after-consideration. Meanwhile make a clean breast of it, lad. This debt honor,"—with a slight tinge of contempt in his tone—"how much is it?"

"Eight hundred pounds," answered Wil- in a low, shamed voice; and Sir Mark gave a long, low whistle.

"So much?" he said, quietly, at length. "Almost an eighth of my year's income, Will!"

"I am awfully sorry"—and Wilfred looked grave and troubled. "It was all that confounded Gretton. There's no playing against him!"

"I hardly know whether it is in my power to assist you," said Sir Mark, after a pause. "I will ride over to York to-morrow and see Matthewson. But it must be for the last time."

So saying he turned from Captain Treherne and left the room, thinking sadly as he went that if Olive Walpole had founded her happiness on the depth of Wilfred's love and the stability of his character she had not founded it on a rock; while Wilfred, as he stood by the billiard-table and knocked the balls carelessly about, gave a short bitter laugh.

"He thinks I care for her," he said half aloud. "Well, so I do; but not enough to marry her—even if I could afford to marry a dowerless bride, and felt inclined to stoop to a governess!"

The drawing-room, with its soft wax lights and amber-tinted hangings, looked very pretty and artistic as Sir Mark entered half an hour afterwards.

From the conservatory at one end came the scent of fragrant flowers.

Coffee was being served on a little table by Lady Churston's side.

Lucia Allan, in a fleecy blue dress, with myosotis in her golden hair and turquoise ornaments, was sitting in low chair, looking a little bored, but very pretty; and at the grand piano was seated a slender figure in black grenadine, to which Sir Mark's dark eyes turned at once with a look in them which made Lucia Allan's blue eyes flash and her red lip curl.

Olive was playing a soft dreamy melody in a minor key, with a sad wistful plaint in it.

She was a fair musician not a brilliant one; but she played with expression and feeling.

She did not stop when Sir Mark entered, but went on with her music; while he crossed the room to get his coffee, and then threw himself into a deep arm-chair not far from the piano, quite regardless of Miss Allan's welcoming glance and smile.

In a few minutes he was followed by Wilfred, who still looked rather moody and dissatisfied, but whose face brightened perceptibly as he sat down, leant his elbow on the piano, and began talking to Olive in low eager tones.

Lady Churston glanced over at them with some dissatisfaction.

"Are you not going to take coffee, Wilfred?" with evident displeasure in her voice.

"Thanks, mother, no," replied Captain Treherne quietly. "Miss Walpole is going to give us a song. Lucia won't you be amiable?"

"Not to-night," said Lucia, with some meaning in her voice. "I will leave Miss Walpole in undisputed possession of the field."

As she spoke she glanced at Sir Mark, and made a little gesture full of meaning towards the young people at the piano—the girl playing softly, with her eyes drooping on the straying fingers, Wilfred with his eager glance fixed upon the fair downcast face, and a little smile upon his face.

Lady Churston, seeing Lucia's meaning gesture, made an impatient movement. Sir Mark's face clouded a little; he foresaw storms in the future.

What shall I sing?" asked Olive, as she struck the last chords of her piece.

Lucia interposed suddenly.

"Do you know Kalkbrenner's piece, *La Femme du Marin*, Miss Walpole?" she asked.

"Yes?" said Miss Walpole.

"Please play it, will you? I like it so much."

And then, while Olive was playing, she crossed to Sir Mark's side and asked him to show her an orchid in the conservatory.

When they returned to the drawing-room the music had ceased; Olive had gone to her room, and Captain Treherne was lying back in his chair, apparently bored and sleepy, and looking at the *Graphic* with a very indistinct idea of its engraving; while Lady Churston was fanning herself languidly, with half-closed eyes.

"I suppose it is the weather that makes one sleepy," observed Lucia, with a little affected yawn. The heat is so excessive. Auntie, will you think me very rude if I run away? I am so sleepy and stupid, and I know you are longing to go to bed.

"Good night, my dear," said Lady Churston placidly. "I dare say you and Mark found something interesting to talk about. But Will and I were exclusively *ennuyes*. I think I will follow your example, as *ces messieurs* are longing to go to the smoking-room."

But, if Miss Allan was as sleepy as she asserted, she was not very anxious to go to bed; for, instead of going to her own room, she went up another flight of stairs and knocked at the door of Olive's room.

"May I come in?" she said in her pleasantest voice.

And, on receiving an affirmative answer, she opened the door and entered the room.

"I don't feel at all sleepy," she said, smiling. "May I come and have a chat? Shall I disturb you?"

"Not at all," replied Olive cordially.

Any small kindness or appearance of friendship went straight to her lonely little heart.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PRICE HE PAID.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A MYSTERIOUS LOVER," "MY FIRST PATIENT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—[CONTINUED.]

AGAIN the silvery laugh.

Hilda sees wit in this, perhaps; but Owen, who has no touch of humor in his nature, cannot see the point of the joke.

It seems far more like "earnest" to him, and, having found his paper, he dashes out of the room, in a fury with Hilda, the Captain, and the whole world.

He goes on his way with a burning brow, feeling he can stand a fair fight as well as any one, but he is no match against the shafts of contempt and sarcasm.

He has weak points in his nature, where these weapons can enter, and pierce, and torture.

So this lively chat between his wife and Harry, not meant for his ears—not in reality meant at all in true earnest—has gone home to his heart with bitter sting.

What is the use of his toiling for wealth, when it only wins him the name of the "modern Midas," and whose sole merit would be that of taking himself off the scene of life, and, perchance, leaving a rich widow?

After this day a new feature appears in Owen's experience.

He shows an interest in the visiting cards left on the hall table, glances every day at the names, and wonders that he never sees "Captain Henderson's" name amongst them.

An intense feeling of jealousy and distrust springs up in his heart, and speedily attains undue proportions, rendering him as wretched as he is watchful.

Hilda does not invite her old friend to the house.

Perhaps her instincts warn her against doing so, but as they have the same acquaintances in London it is impossible but that they should sometimes meet each other.

One day there is to be a garden party at Mrs. Collin North's, a lady who has a house near Richmond.

Invitations come to both Hilda and Owen but, as the latter never goes to any of these fashionable gatherings, his wife accepts for herself only, and the card is cast aside with dozens of the same nature.

By mere accident, Owen sees it, and wonders why Hilda never mentioned the party to him, and the idea haunts him, until he half decides to be one of the guests.

That morning he watches Hilda drive away, splendidly dressed.

By her side, in the carriage, is Mrs. Beetham, a lively young widow, who was once Hilda's school-friend, and is now one of her chief companions.

The well-stepping pair of bays soon whirl them out of sight, and, when they are gone Owen betakes himself to his office in the City.

But there is something amiss with him on this day.

He cannot settle down to business.

The smallest calculation puzzles him, the whole army of figures seem turned into avenging spirits, which change their value perpetually, and mock him with their dizzy transformations.

His eyes are burning, his head heavy, he longs to rush away from the stifling air of the City into some cool retreat where the leaves will fan him, and the south breeze soothe his heated brow.

He recollects the garden party to which Hilda has gone, and finally decides he will go there also.

He dresses himself, and drives off, while the London streets are glaring and dazzling in the heat of the afternoon sun.

By the time he reaches Mrs. Collin North's grounds he feels himself again.

The pure air and the change of scene have calmed him, and he smiles to himself as he thinks how surprised Hilda will be to see him there.

A gay scene meets Owen's eyes.

A highly decorated pavillion stands on the smooth lawn, prepared for refreshments.

In a pleasant nook, an archery party are amusing themselves, the ladies in the most becoming of toxophilite costume.

In another place, lawn-tennis is in full swing.

Many other games are progressing with as much vigor as is supposed to be correct amongst fashionable London people.

Stands of fragrant flowers are grouped here and there, and, under a clump of chestnut trees, Thesiger's string band is sending forth strains of melody.

The calm river bounds the scene; and, flowing slowly along, reflects the over-shadowing trees and the clear blue sky.

Ladies, in bright promenade dresses, flit about like gorgeous butterflies.

Their partners are many, and, in most cases, decidedly eligible.

No one knows better than Mrs. Collin North how to make her gatherings popular and a success.

She is a little woman, with broadly-opened black eyes, dark hair, and an arch piquant smile, that seems set on her features, so frequently do her white teeth gleam forth, as she talks to her numerous guests.

She is delighted to see Owen, and at once introduces him to several aristocratic acquaintances, whose names will appear the next day in the morning papers, when the account of the "garden party" is in print.

But Owen soon leaves this very vivacious little lady who has so many claimants for her smiles.

He saunters through the grounds, pausing now and then as people come forward to greet him.

He marvels much that Hilda is not the centre of attraction, and glances at the ladies engaged in the various games, expecting to see hers amongst the clustering groups of fair faces—the handsomest, the most perfect of them all.

At last Owen gives up his search in despair, concluding that his wife must have left the grounds before his arrival.

And just a little wearied, and very disappointed, he steals away from the busy, moving crowd, and finds a lonely place where the sod is mossy and crisp—the shade dense and refreshing.

He is almost beyond the sound of the music in that sequestered nook, and away from the hum of voices.

The solitude soothes him almost to slumber as he reclines there undisturbed.

By-and-by he hears voices gradually drawing nearer.

Looking out from his retreat he sees two figures walking slowly along the shaded path by the water, and, as they approach he discovers they are his wife and Captain Henderson.

Some ornamental shrubs hide Owen from view, so, at his leisure, he watches them draw near.

They are talking earnestly together—the genial tones of Hilda's low voice, as her words flow pleasantly forth, sound very different in his ears from the dry, formal manner of speech with which she favors him in their times of conversation.

Never are there such musical trills of laughter, never such flashing glances of the dark lustrous eyes for him.

They are well-matched, this Hilda and Harry!

Both well-born, well-bred denizens of a charmed circle.

No wonder they can sneer and laugh at him—the "City man."

So Owen thinks, and, though he does not distinguish their words, the hot rage of jealousy fires his brain, and sets his heart throbbing with a violence that alarms him.

He never felt like this before—something must be strangely wrong with his health, or with his mind, that drives him thus almost beside himself!

"She came here to meet him," he thinks savagely.

"Surely it is to deceive me that she never invites him to the house.

"If she uses practical deceit in this instance, why not in others?"

A duet of merry laughter comes to him as if in reply.

It floats on the summer breeze, and seems just the one thing Owen's fevered brain cannot bear.

He rises to his feet weak and tottering, his head swims, his eyes glow with dull, red heat.

In a wild fury of passion he dashes out and confronts the lively pair just as they are turning at a winding of the long river path.

Livid with rage, his face scowling, he stands in their way.

In any case Hilda would have been surprised to meet her husband at this garden-party—she knows his dislike to such gatherings, but to see him thus—pale, furious, and threatening—upsets her usual presence of mind.

She draws back a step, shocked and mute then recovers herself and ignores his unspoken anger as she calmly introduces "Captain Henderson."

"He is a very old friend of mine," she adds, in an explanatory tone.

"I fear I have disturbed you both," Owen says hoarsely.

"Not at all. I am proud of an introduction," replies the Captain, as he glances uneasily at Owen's glaring eyes and quivering lips.

"Owen, what is the matter with you? Are you ill?" asks Hilda, as she sees the disturbance in his face—the angry light in his eyes rather gathering up its awful forces than diminishing them.

"I will tell you what is the matter if you will grant me a few minutes' private conversation.

"Surely you do not wish me to speak out before your old friend?"

"Oh, I am going this moment! I'm due for the next game of archery on the lawn. Shall you play, Mrs. Grimsdale?"

"Not this game, I think."

"That's quite too cruel of you! But there I leave you in good hands, and wish you a pleasant tete-a-tete! Au revoir!" adds the Captain, as he lifts his hat and walks quickly away, with rather a smile on his lip and a satirical twinkle in his eyes.

Hilda stands staring at Owen with a look of scrutiny.

His disturbed manner is so evident that she cannot understand what it means.

"If you are not ill, Owen," she says, "there is something very strange in your looks. Explain yourself, I insist!"

With a gasp he recovers himself, and then his words flow rapidly enough, as he exclaims passionately.

"It means, I did not expect to find my wife walking alone with Captain Henderson; I came here to pass a pleasant afternoon in her company; but I found myself sadly de trop.

"Hilda, I have found you out; you came here to meet Henderson!"

His wife looks at him with withering scorn in her beautiful eyes, and seems hardly to comprehend his accusation.

"Surely you are not accountable for your words, Owen!

"Am I to believe you are jealous of Harry!

"I have known him all my life, and I have yet to learn there is any harm in walking about with him."

"Known him all your life, have you? What a pity I, a mere City man, stepped in between you, and spoiled your love-story!"

Mrs. Grimsdale's cheeks grow wan as her husband's, as she confronts him.

"Owen, I begin to understand. You are jealous, and I will meet your jealousy with more candor than it deserves.

"Harry and I were engaged to be married, once; but that was before I ever met you.

"When I promised to become your wife, I frankly told you I had no love to give—love and happiness were not in the bargain; but remember this—ever since I married you, I have never once failed, in thought, word, or deed, in my duty as a true wife."

"So it appears, in your appointing to meet Henderson here."

"I made no appointment; never expected to meet him."

"Strange how it came about then!"

"There is nothing strange in it. Harry came as I did, an invited guest."

Hilda's calm, measured words only add fuel to Owen's rage.

Old wounds bleed again, the open confession that love and happiness were not looked for in their marriage is more than he can bear in his present frame of mind; his nerves are strung to their highest tension, and, in a moment, the whole story of their married life seems to flash before his view to mock him.

Has he not done all he could to win Hilda's love.

Has he not striven to make her life happy.

Has he not heaped wealth and luxury upon her—given the best of his life, his talents, to surround her with all she can desire?

Thinking thus, he forgets his usual self-control.

Words of bitter reproach flow forth, he says hard and cutting things to his wife. When the icy-bound torrent bursts its bonds, it spares neither pleasant field nor smiling homestead.

Owen, in his burst of mad passion, forgets the chivalrous politeness due to a woman.

Hilda stands haughtily looking at him, just a little startled by his violence.

He is the very reverse of himself, as she has hitherto seen him.

Often his very tameness and his quiet manner have provoked her to contempt; but now his rage surpasses anything that has ever come before her experience.

She does not attempt any reply to his accusations, but grows prouder, more dignified, as she watches him with cold, determined eyes.

At last she says calmly—

"We are hardly making a fair return to Mrs. Collin North for her hospitality, in turning her garden-party into a scene of vulgar, domestic brawl.

"Excuse me from prolonging our interview."

Then she turns away, and slowly takes her path across the emerald grass, winding in and out amongst the flower-beds, towards the more-crowded part of the large grounds.

Owen watches her as the cool shadows fall upon her haughty head and elegant dress—watches her spell-bound, until he can see her no longer.

Then, turning away, he goes out of a side-gate to the stables, and orders his carriage to be got ready at once.

When he reaches town, he dismisses his carriage, and wanders about the crowded streets in a rambling, confused way, thinking that even the cab-drivers and bill-stickers are far happier than he is.

Then, after night-fall, and when the streets are lighted with gas, he returns wearily to his own house, creeps up the broad staircase noiselessly, lest he may disturb the servants, and thus attract scrutiny to his haggard looks.

He cannot bear that they shall see him in his misery.

He does not wish his trembling hands, his blood-shot eyes, his pallid face, which tell so plainly of the storm of anguish that has bowed him to the dust, to be the subject of comment at the servants' supper-table.

So he goes to his own room, rings the bell loudly, and tells the astonished footman he shall not require any attendance or any supper to-night, for he is very weary, and is going to bed at once.

CHAPTER VIII.

HILDA comes down to breakfast the next morning faultlessly dressed in a handsome traveling costume.

She looks cold, and grand, and stately, as she loftily seats herself in her usual place at the breakfast table.

Owen has been rambling about the rooms for an hour or more, in a state of absolute penitence, and self-reproach.

He has passed a sleepless night, accuses himself of hardness, injustice, and a dozen other rampant sins, and he is craving for a look, a word of forgiveness from his wife.

He will recall all his accusations of the day before, even humbly plead for pardon if he cannot gain it on easier terms.

But Hilda's pride has been deeply wounded.

Though she is in reality perfectly indifferent about domestic harmony, and has seldom made it her object to discover whether Owen is pleased or the reverse, she has still carefully kept all family dis-union from the gaze of the world.

That Owen should have made a "scene" at Mrs. Collin North's fete is an offence altogether unpardonable, and her mortification is deep and dire.

She knows well enough the affair is a secret no longer.

Society is already talking of the grand quarrel between husband and wife.

It is the spicy subject at many a breakfast table.

There is a well-known legend that walls have ears, and leafy walls have ears also.

The little birds have warbled the news, or eaves-droppers have been at hand to add their information to the gossip and scandal of fashionable life.

Hilda makes a pretence of beginning her breakfast without even glancing at her husband.

Owen does not sit down, he walks towards her, and says with intense feeling and earnestness—

"Hilda, we said many bitter things to each other yesterday, which had better be forgotten."

"You said the 'bitter things,' Mr. Grimsdale. I am not responsible for them."

"Don't let us bandy words. Let us act as reasonable, sensible beings, whose lot has been cast together for good or ill.

"I am sorry I vexed you, 'let by-gones be by-gones.'"

The lady quietly sips her coffee, but does not reply.

"Hilda, what can I do to make you happier?" Wherein have I failed?"

She lifts her eyes towards him defiantly.

"The whole thing has been a failure from the first.

"We started on wrong promises, and have never understood each other."

"Let this all be rectified in future."

"Too late now. Have you discovered that a Mountclair never forgives nor forgets?"

"But you must forgive me, Hilda"—his voice trembling with emotion.

"Never! Your words of yesterday will never be obliterated from my memory, and you cannot be surprised if, after such an insult from you, I have decided not to subject myself to a repetition of the sort. I am leaving London for a time."

"Leaving London?"

"Yes, my cousin, Mrs. Charles Mountclair, has invited me to stay with her times without number.

"I telegraphed to her this morning and said I would start for Brussels to-day; my visit, of course, will be one of indefinite length."

"Will you leave me in hot anger, Hilda, without even one word or look of reconciliation?"

"Of course we part as friends, that is understood; and I wish you much joy in my absence.

"Have you any message for my cousin? She was rather a favorite of yours, I recollect, when she was staying with me last winter."

"Hilda, my wife, my darling! Don't leave me; it is cruel of you, and will drive me mad, or kill me.

"You are making me more miserable than I can bear.

"My life is so short and uncertain, we may never meet again.

"I entreat you not to trample on the good that might be ours."

Hilda pushes away her almost untasted coffee, and rises from the table.

"My mind is quite made up, Mr. Grimsdale.

"Words have no effect on me, so pray don't attempt to dissuade me."

She removes the hand Owen has laid lightly on her arm, as if to detain her, and walks out of the room.

Had she turned round to glance at her husband's face, perhaps she might have been moved to pity by the deep anguish in his eyes, by the violent trembling and twitching of his face.

But she never observes these tokens of mental and bodily distress.

Her few remaining preparations are soon made, and she comes down into the hall ready to start.

Owen does not follow her downstairs.

He throws himself into a chair with a loud groan, covers his face with his hands as though he would fain shut out sight and sound.

He does not even move from his position until he hears the sound of carriage-wheels.

He drags his weary limbs to a window, just in time to see Hilda, departing with her boxes and portmanteaus, and with Elise her lady's-maid, sitting with the footman on the box of the carriage.

Mrs. Grimsdale never once turns to take a parting glimpse at the house she is leaving, or even then she might have been won to pity by her husband's agonised, despairing face at the window, and have returned to soothe him.

But there is no more interest or emotion in her stolid countenance than if she had been suddenly turned to marble.

Late in the morning, Owen remembers he will be expected in the City.

He drives there, and makes his appearance on "Change"

Men stare at him, shake their heads, whisper to each other, and wonder what in the world has come over the prosperous merchant to make him look so ill and strange and wretched.

Owen cannot settle his mind to business.

The light dazzles his eyes, the murmur of voices sounds in his ears like a dozen waterfalls.

He wonders if people feel thus when they are going mad.

He dreads returning to his own house. The great shadowy rooms—so voiceless, so desolate — will be more than he can bear.

By-and-by he finds it is time for luncheon and he rambles into a lowly third-class eating-house, whose only recommendation is that it is near at hand just at the time when he comes to the conclusion that he must have food and shelter.

He calls for some article, selected from the bill of fare.

But when the ill-cooked, ill-served dish arrives, he cannot taste a morsel, the very look of it makes him shudder.

Still it is something to have the place to himself.

When the door is closed, he throws himself heavily on the sofa, and tries to bring his thoughts into shape.

The room is poor, mean, and shabby; gaudy artificial flowers are stuck in vases on the chimney-piece.

Highly-colored pictures smile down on him from the walls, and the air is close and heavy.

But the millionnaire does not notice all this.

He is only thankful for a refuge away from the eyes of the world, where he may ponder and plan at his leisure.

Oh, what a failure life has been to him, after all!

How truly can he indorse, from his own experience, the mournful axiom—"All is vanity and vexation of spirit!"

He lies there crushed and despairing, while he battles alone with his strong man's agony, and writhes beneath the aching of his breaking heart.

How long he remains in the eating-house he never remembers.

When he leaves it, his intentions are decided, and hastens to carry them out.

He flings half-a-sovereign on the counter amongst the stale buns and greasy tarts, never waits for change, though the amazed shop-girl calls after him, and rattles the silver in her hand.

He hails a cab at the corner, and drives to Mr. Hinchley, his solicitor.

"I have come to have a new will made," he announces.

"Indeed! Does not the present one satisfy you?"

"It did, once; but circumstances have changed with me."

Mr. Hinchley is startled at the instructions Owen gives him.

He entreats him to delay having the will signed, to sleep over the matter before he finally decides.

But all in vain.

Owen never rests until the document is signed, witnessed, sealed, and deposited in the iron chest amongst the rest of the Mountclair papers.

After this event Owen Grimsdale tries hard to go on, as much as possible, in his usual groove.

He works hard as ever, and achieves some splendid strokes of fortune, though, in his heart, he grows to hate and despise the gold that has ever seemed only to mock him with its glitter, and to give him no real enjoyment.

He wanders about his large house, going from one solitary room to another, but finding rest in none.

Once or twice he invites guests there, gives "bachelors' parties," as he calls them now that his wife is away.

But his heart is not in tune with the pleasant things of life.

There is a pressure on his mind he cannot shake off, a lassitude on his frame that spoils his energy.

At last he goes to a London doctor, consults him, and hears he is suffering from over-work or over-anxiety, and must have change of scene, perfect rest, and peace of mind, or worse will come.

Owen listens with a grim smile, and then takes a sudden resolution to start at once for Mountclair.

Surely the pure air, the quiet of the country will do him good.

His Blithside friends are ten thousand times better than those London acquaintances who care but little for those who cannot keep to the pace.

Great is the stir at Mountclair when its master makes his unlooked-for appearance.

The few servants who still remain there do their utmost to make him comfortable.

They throw open the rooms, light up the fires, and prepare a quickly-arranged dinner.

But Owen hardly notices their endeavors.

He shudders when he finds Mountclair is to him what it once was to Hilda—"a place haunted with memories."

All the past seems to rise in review before him.

He ponders over his career from the first time he went in at the gates to the present moment, when he has come back there again alone, weary, and ill.

Owen gets through that first night somehow, though no sleep comes to soothe his brain.

At day-dawn he rings the bell, and tells the servant to ride down to the village and tell Doctor Frere he wants to see him at once.

The worthy Doctor responds to the call immediately, and looks with alarm at the flushed face on the pillow.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Love Versus Gold.

BY BLAKE PAXSON.

A BRIGHT fireside, with fender and fire-irons shining like gold, windows hung with soft draperies of Turkey red, walls of crimson flock paper, starred over with gold, and a little stand of books opposite—Mrs. Milford's parlor was a cabinet gem in its way.

Not that the Milfords were rich.

On the contrary, Merton Milford was a bank-clerk, on a salary so small that it sometimes became an almost insoluble problem to make both ends meet.

Almost, we say, but never quite: for Lucy Milford had learned the lesson of household economy, and it was her pride to be able to say that they never had been in debt.

Yet Lucy had a woman's taste, and a woman's cravings, and a woman's innocent longing after the beautiful and costly; and on this especial evening, as she sat by the fire, leaning one cheek on her hand, and her foot mechanically agitating the rocker of the baby's cradle, she was thinking of the possible—the unattainable.

"If we were only rich," thought Lucy to herself, as she glanced across the room. "How I would like a pair of bronzes on yonder mantel, instead of those ugly, stiff little vases that Aunt Betsy gave me for a wedding present. How I would like a Persian-patterned carpet, instead of this staring red and green ingrain. And a little oil painting, or a bunch of water-colored flowers over the table, where the map of the city hangs now.

And then I could afford a Valenciennes cap for baby, and a real *Ponson* silk for myself, and I could surprise Merton with half a dozen new silk handkerchiefs, and I would send papa a new meerschaum, real sea-foam, with an amber mouth-piece, and odd carvings on the bowl, and mamma should have an Indian-bordered shawl, and ——"

Bang went the front door.

Tramp, tramp came a well-known footstep along the hall, with just sufficient of a pause to fling the hat carelessly on the little circlet of pegs which, in that unpretentious household, took the place of a marble topped, mirror-backed hall-rack.

"It's Merton," said Mrs Milford, starting up; and Merton it was.

"Hallo, puss," said Merton, coming in flushed and breathless. "And how's the little kitten?"

"Kitty is well," said Mrs. Milford. "Shall I order tea, dear?"

"Yes."

The little maid-servant—Lucy Milford only kept one—brought in the urn, and when she had tip-toed out again, Mrs. Milford looked her husband in the face.

"Merton," said she, "something has happened; I can read it in your eyes. What is it?"

He burst into a laugh.

"What a little fortune-teller you are, to be sure," said he. "Yes, something has happened. I've got a telegram from Fortley, and old Uncle Jesse is dying."

"Uncle Jesse, the rich old miser?"

"Uncle Jesse, the rich old miser. And Wirt telegraphs me that his last will, made in a fit of pique against the directors of the Fortley Orphan Asylum, leaves everything to us."

"To us, Merton?"

Lucy drew her breath with a little gasping sound.

"Why, it must be half a million of money."

"That at least. We shall be rich people, puss."

"Oh, Merton, it scarcely seems possible. It's like a dream."

"It's a dream that has a pretty solid vein of reality running through it, you'll find, my dear," said her husband.

"And just before you came in I was sitting here and thinking what I would do, and how I could ornament my home if only we were rich," cried Lucy, clapping her hands.

Merton pinched her cheek and laughed complacently.

Evidently he was in the very best of humor.

"Half a million, Lucy," said he. "You shall have a set of diamonds that will rival those of Mrs. Merriwell, the banker's wife, and a real cashmere shawl. And I'll order a pony phaeton for your own driving, and ——"

"But we shall buy a country place, shan't we, Merton?" wistfully asked Lucy, the soft carmine shadows deepening over her cheek.

"A country place? What for?" said Milford, a little contemptuously. "What on earth should we bury ourselves in the country for when we can buy a palace at the West End, and surround ourselves with all the refinements of city life?"

A shade of acute disappointment came over Lucy's face.

"Oh, Merton, I have always dreamed of a country house," sighed she.

"With burglars, and mildew and spiders thrown in, eh? Nonsense, my dear, nonsense. The city is the place to live in."

"And we can have papa and mamma to live with us, can't we?"

"W—well, I don't exactly know about that," said Milford, thoughtfully, stroking his moustache; "I'll buy 'em a snug little place, if you say so, my dear; but I never did believe in fathers and mothers-in-law living with their children. Every household is complete in itself. That's my notion.

"Oh, Merton, how can you talk so?" cried Lucy, with a painted face.

"Oh, well, Lucy, there's no use in sentimentalizing on these points," retorted her husband, a little brusquely.

"I don't care to be rich, if I can't enjoy the pleasures of my money," said Mrs. Milford, pouting.

"So you may enjoy them—if only you will be reasonable about it."

"And I've always thought so much of having mamma with me."

"Better leave off thinking about it, then," said Milford, lighting a cigar and leaning back in his chair, the better to enjoy it.

"I suppose I can have as many servants as I please now," hazarded Mrs. Milford, wisely steering the conversational barque away from the shoals of dispute.

"Twenty, if you like, my dear," replied Merton.

"And a housekeeper like Mrs. Miller's?"

"Not a housekeeper," said Mr. Milford, shaking his head. "No fine ladies for me, disguised as dependants. As many servants as are necessary—but no one to domineer over them, a proxy for yourself."

"I will have a housekeeper," said Lucy excitedly.

"No, you will not, my dear. Not in my house."

"Am I to have nothing at all to say?"

"And can we have a cottage at Brighton?"

"Why do you say Brighton?" gravely questioned Merton. "To my mind, puss, Brighton is nothing more than a hot-bed of folly and flippery. At Hastings, now?"

"I don't care for Hastings," said Lucy, moodily; the air never agree with me."

"It seems to me," said Milford, impatiently, flinging his cigar into the fire, "that you are determined to be satisfied with nothing that pleases me."

Lucy burst into tears.

"Oh, Merton, don't speak so to me."

Mr. Milford got up and strode out of the room.

"Merton, Merton!" cried the wife, "where are you going?"

"To the billiard room at the corner," said Milford, hotly.

"I can find friends enough there, I dare-say, to give me the sympathy my wife seems inclined to withhold."

Lucy cried bitterly.

In all the bright years of their married life they never had had any serious differences until now.

Was it impossible that riches were destined to bring them only a meed of misery, instead of the expected harvest of happiness?

Next came a feeling of resentment.

She would show Merton she was not to be treated like a child.

He came home late, but Mrs. Milford feigned to be asleep.

She did not come down to breakfast the next morning, making an excuse of a slight headache, the remains of last night's tears, and Milford ate and drank alone.

"Humph!" commented he, swallowing his coffee in a succession of dyspeptic-breeding gulps. "A pretty sort of life, this."

For three days Lucy cried, and Merton sulked.

At the end of that time he came home with a curious expression on his face.

"Puss," said he.

Lucy looked up, her pensive face brightening at the old caressing epithet.

"I've just had a second telegram. Uncle Jesse is dead."

"Poor old man," said Lucy, soberly. "Do you know, Merton, I begin to doubt whether Uncle Jesse's money will do us any good."

"I don't think it will," said Milford. "Because you see the old gentleman rallied at the last, and made a new will in favor of the Refuge for Old Men."

"And there is nothing left for us?"

"Not a penny."

"I am glad of it," said Lucy.

"And I don't know that I am sorry," said Milford, half laughing.

"Because if the reverse of the old adage holds true, and loves flies out the window when riches come in at the door, I say let's draw the bolt against riches."

And Lucy's tearful kiss sealed his words.

◆

Paris Advertising.—They are learning how to advertise in Paris. A curious scene was witnessed the other day in a fashionable quarter. A fashionably dressed young man walked into a well-known cafe; then, having managed to attract some attention, he sauntered up and down the garden, finally seating himself at a small table. To him came a person who, from his conversation, proved to be a tailor, and who accused him in warm words of being ungrateful, stating that he had dressed him on credit for five years. The young fellow fired up and declared himself insulted. A crowd gathered and eager ears listened to the high words. Finally, to convince his quondam tailor that another house was cheaper and better, the late client pulled out the bill for the garments he wore. The name, price, address, etc., were read aloud and the open-mouthed crowd drank it in. The enterprising tailor who got up this little drama found his profits.

◆

Developed by Wind.—A flower has been discovered in South America which is only visible when the wind is blowing. This shrub belongs to the cactus family and grows about three feet in height, with a crook on top, giving the appearance of a black hickory cane. When the wind blows a number of beautiful flowers develop from little lumps on the stalk.

Scientific and Useful.

Furs.—Camphor gum, when packed with furs, is said to have a tendency to lighten the color. Thorough cleanliness and tar paper are commended as good moth-destroyers.

For Pimples.—Wash the face in a solution of carbolic acid, allowing a teaspoonful to a pint of water. This an excellent and purifying lotion, and may be used on the most delicate of skin. Be careful about letting the wash get into the eyes, as it will weaken them.

Paper, Not Wood.—Germany, it is stated, now uses paper instead of wood in the manufacture of lead pencils. The paper is steeped in an adhesive liquid and rolled around the cord of lead to the required thickness. After drying it is colored to resemble an ordinary cedar pencil.

Infernal Machines.—A Frenchman has suggested the following method of detecting infernal machines. All luggage to to be placed on wooden tables supported by iron feet, but not nailed to them. A microphone to be placed on each of the tables, when any ticking or other noise proceeding from the luggage would at once become audible.

The Oak.—If an acorn be suspended by a piece of thread within half an inch of the surface of some water contained in a hyacinth glass, and so permitted to remain without being disturbed, it will in a few months burst and throw a root down into the water, and shoot upwards its straight and tapering stem, with beautiful little green leaves. A young oak tree growing in this way on the mantel-shelf of a room is a very elegant and interesting object.

New Pulpit.—An ingenious person has invented an adjustable pulpit, designed to obviate the disadvantages resulting from inequality of height in pulpits and ministers—which is really a reading-desk, with the outward appearance of a pulpit. The whole affair is so constructed that by pressing a knob in the platform on which the minister is expected to stand while preaching, the "adjustable pulpit" will be lifted by the spring to any desired height.

Climbing Plants.—There is no climbing plant in cultivation that surpasses the smilax in the graceful beauty of its foliage and orange fragrance of the flowers, and its peculiar wavy formation renders it one of the most valuable of all plants for vases or hanging baskets, as it can be used either to climb or to droop, as required; in cut flowers, particularly for wreaths, it is now considered indispensible by all florists. Soak the seed in warm water twelve hours, plant in pots, and in a moist, warm place.

Farm and Garden.

Mending Harness.—An exchange says that if you can do this yourself buy from the harness maker a few cents' worth of odds and ends of leather. Provide yourself with wax ends and a suitable needle, and you can save many a dime or quarter, particularly on the work harness.

Ensilage.—English farmers think that ensilage may be preserved by being pressed very compactly into bales. They state that in Belgium it is customary to bale it. The outer portions of the bale, however, become slightly injured, which may be avoided by using straw for an outer covering, which may be also pressed with the ensilage.

Sorghum.—Sorghum is superior to corn as a fodder plant, as it contains a larger percentage of sugar, does not dry and crumble as easily, and is highly realized by stock. It is a valuable plant, not only as a source of sugar and syrup but also for its seed, the product of which is usually large, and makes excellent food for poultry, or may be ground into meal and used with cut feed for other stock.

How to Utilize Bones.—A great many bones are wasted on every farm, which would make valuable fertilizing material, easily prepared for use. Procure an old pork or whisky barrel, and as bones accumulate, throw them in and cover them with unleached wood ashes. If the barrel stands in the weather, in a few months the bones will become friable, and easily converted into the best bone dust. If a quicker process is required, burn the bones and crush them.

The Sheep.—No other domestic animal seems to possess so strong an instict for seeking the shade as does the sheep. Whatever shelter from the sun may be available in the pasture is sure to be sought and occupied by the flock as the day advances and becomes more warm. The instinct should teach the shepherd to provide shade of some kind which can be easily reached and is always available. The trees are the shade which nature affords, but it is sometimes better to erect sheds. The common sense of the shepherd is the best guide in this matter.

Nut Trees for Shade.—A Maryland journal seasonably remarks that the idea of planting edible nut bearing trees where shade is desired, instead of those which are solely ornamental, is not new, but the suggestion is one that will bear thinking about by those who contemplate planting shade or ornamental trees. Chestnut, walnut, hickorynut and butternut trees are all nearly as fine in appearance as horse chestnut and maple, and, aside from the source of revenue which will in time accrue to their owners from the fruit, the timber of such trees is always in demand, and the tree itself may become profitable should it become desirable at any time to remove it.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-THIRD YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 17, 1884.

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THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

It takes time, patience and effort almost unspeakable to accomplish any great work. This is impressed upon us by the following proverbs: "The mushroom is soon ripe and soon rotten," "The oak is the vegetable longest in growing," "All hawthorns do not bloom on Christmas day," "The bud that is longest in the flower is often sweetest in the ear." "Rome was not built in a day."

All these old sayings point to one interpretation: Without unremitting labor, success in life, whatever our occupation, is impossible. A fortune is not made without toil, and money unearned comes to few. The habitual loiterer never brings anything to pass.

The young men whom you see lounging about waiting for the weather to change before they go to work, break down before they begin—get stuck really before they start.

Ability and willingness to labor are the two great conditions of success. It is useless to work an electric machine in a vacuum; but the air may be full of electricity, and still you can draw no spark until you turn the machine.

The beautiful statue may exist in the artist's brain, and it may also be said in a certain sense to exist in the marble block that stands before him, but he must bring both his brain and his hands to bear upon the marble, and work hard and long, in order to produce anything like satisfactory results.

Success also depends in a good measure upon the man's promptness to take advantage of the rise of the tide. A great deal of what we call luck, is nothing more nor less than this. It is the man who keeps his eyes open and his hands out of his pockets, that succeeds.

"I missed my chance," exclaims the disappointed man, when he sees another catch eagerly at the opportunity.

But something more than alertness is needed; we must know how to avail ourselves of the emergency. An elastic temperament, which never seems to recognize the fact of defeat, or forgets it at once and begins the work over again, is very likely to insure success.

Many a merchant loses one fortune only to build up another and a larger one. Many an inventor fails in his first efforts, and is in the end rewarded with a triumph.

Some of the most popular novelists wrote very poor stuff in the beginning. They were learning their trade, and could not expect to turn out first-class work until their apprenticeship was over.

One great secret of success is not to become discouraged, but always be ready to try again.

SANCTUM CHAT.

FASHIONABLE society is at such a loss to amuse itself that it has taken to wild attempts at drawing cats with pencil and paper, driving three men abreast with ribbon reins in a figure of the German, and young ladies, at leap year parties, attiring themselves in dress coats, with white shirt fronts and neckties, while some of the young men appear in full feminine costume.

—

IT is said that an electric hand-lamp has been invented, the illuminating principle of which is generated by some simple chemicals that are ridiculously cheap and easily manipulated. A little sliding drawer at the bottom of the lamp holds the electric spark in solution, while, by simply touching a button, a magnificent light is developed or extinguished, as the case may be. This lamp does not specially differ in appearance from the ordinary kerosene affair, and can be used in the same way, but with a complete absence of trouble, odor or danger.

—

BEAUTY and style are not the surest passports to respectability. Some of the noblest specimens of womanhood that the world has ever seen, have presented the plainest and most unprepossessing appearance. A woman's worth is to be estimated by the real goodness of her heart, the greatness of her soul, and the purity and sweetness of her character; and a woman with a kindly disposition and a well-balanced mind and temper, is lovely and attractive, be her face ever so plain, and her figure ever so homely; she makes the best of wives, and the truest of mothers. She has a higher purpose in living than the beautiful, yet vain, supercilious woman, who has no higher ambition than to flaunt her finery in the street, or to gratify her inordinate vanity by extracting flattery and praise from society, whose compliments are as hollow as they are insecure.

—

IN regard to crossing the Atlantic in a small boat, says a New York paper, it is generally called a foolhardy undertaking. In point of fact the man who goes to sea in the summer in a boat so constructed that she cannot sink, and cannot get full of water, is in less danger of drowning than the man who goes to sea in a big steamer. He may starve through getting out of provisions, he may perish from want of exercise or sleep, or in consequence of exposure to weather, but he can only drown by falling overboard.

—

A CHINESE coffin resembles the trunk of a tree planed off, and is made of the hardest wood procurable. So expensive are these coffins that the wood for one will sometimes cost as much as $2000, and no coolie would think of paying less than $20 for his father's case. One of the most appropriate presents for a father sixty years of age is considered to be a coffin. The coffin, therefore, is usually near at hand. When the corpse is ready it is solemnly removed to the coffin by hired attendants, while others proceed to beat the floor to terrify evil spirits that may be hovering about the chamber of death.

—

To an inquirerer in a literary exchange an ethnologist sends the opinion "that many evidences seem to show that the Indians of this country are lineal descendant of the Hebrews; that evidences can be furnished to the effect that they were probably the first human inhabitants of this country—were, indeed, the mound-builders, who, some have been led to suppose, lived here before the Indians came; that they originally used the Hebrew language, and that the reason some Indian words resemble words used among the Arabs, is probably that the Arabs are descendants of Ishmael, Abraham's son, who probably used the Hebrew language, used by his father and other Hebrews."

—

A NOTED English physician has collected a large amount of data bearing on consumption, and, after citing a number of illustrations, says: "Facts like these might be well-nigh indefinitely multiplied, and they serve to show that the chances are enormously in favor of the idea that consumption is infectious, and that the germs of 'bacilli' are conveyed from the patients to the healthy, in the breath, and, like 'ill seeds,' find only too frequently a soil in which to breed and grow. Science, however, does not leave us hopeless in the face of such revelations. With a knowledge of causes at hand, we may be certain that both prevention and remedy will not be long left in the domain of the unknown."

—

FOREIGNERS in China, says a correspondent, make a great outcry about the stupidity of the Chinese, in holding out against railroads. "Chinese do hold out against railroads, and they are quite right in doing so. They feel that to introduce railways at present would be to flood the country with engineers, contractors, managers, machine mechanics, engine-drivers, etc., etc., and once there, the Chinamen fear they would never leave, but get a hold on the country, and that China would become a second India, and pass under foreign rule. Rather than have the foreigner, they go without the railway and abide their time. Railways and all the rest will come as soon as they can make and manage them properly without our help."

—

AN enterprising Berlin firm deserves much credit for the following new and unique undertaking, which is to be carried out promptly and practically. It is neither more nor less than a circulating art-library, or, more correctly speaking, exhibition. The purchase of oil-paintings is, as we all know, a rather expensive hobby, in which the majority of amateurs or connoisseurs are scarcely permitted to indulge on that account. In order, therefore, to enable persons desirous of adorning their rooms with real works of art, without being obliged to spend large sums of money, the above people are on the point of opening an establishment, which will furnish such works of art "on loan" at an annual payment of from six to seven per cent. of their real value. Strange as the affair may appear at first sight, a number of prominent Berlin artists, after due reflection, have promised their aid and support, considering that in the way proposed, valuable property, which has been unproductive for years, may be made to pay a fair rate of interest.

—

WITHIN the last month a departure from the old and clerical system of instruction has been adopted at Yale. Instead of formal recitations and the dubious system of marking, instruction is to be given to the Senior Class wholly by lectures. Lessons are assigned in the text-books as usual with such outside auxiliary reading as the instructor deems fit. Especially in the mode of conducting examinations is there a radical change. There will be in the future, as Professor Wheeler has announced, no attempt to spy the men at examinations. If the student wishes to use unfair means, no effort will be made to detect him, nor will any punishment follow open wrong doing except the loss of the student's own self-respect and his instructor's confidence.

—

THE project for filling the Desert of Sahara with water is creating a great deal of discussion among foreign, especially French, journals. Naturally the question has arisen, how long it would take to fill the whole basin of Sahara, and some startling figures are given in connection therewith. Five thousand years, it is claimed, would be required to fill up that vast sea of sand were the water to flow through a passage 100 feet wide and 25 feet deep, with the velocity of four miles an hour. Under the same conditions it would take 4000 years for the waters of the Mediterranean to fill the valley of the Jordan. With a channel 100 times greater capacity it would do the work in forty years. At the same rate it would take 400,000 years to fill the Caspian Sea to the level of the Mediterranean. Fortunately, it is only a portion of Sahara that can be made into a lake or inland sea, and doubtless there are middle-aged men to-day who will live to see this much-talked-of feat accomplished.

—

THERE are fashions in medicines and curative agents as well as in dress. The virtues of hot water taken in the early mornings, and at meals, is now urged by many health reformers. Raw meat is extensively used in consumption and other chronic diseases. The latest fashion in Paris is the quaffing of hot blood by weakly and anemic young girls and women. They drive daily to the slaughter-house to have a cup of it, just as they would visit a spring at a watering-place. Some of them take a bath of hot blood once or twice a week. Certain fast young men in New York go to restaurants, where they can procure a rare tenderloin steak broiled and served without gravy or any vegetable. At some places machines are in vogue for squeezing out the blood, which can be served with the steak. The hot-water cure, by the way, is as old as Gil Blas, for the treatment of Dr. Sangrado was hot water and blood-letting; but the moderns drink blood, whereas the physicians of the seventeenth century let it out of the system.

—

THE survival of old ideas and desires was never more significantly illustrated than by the American mania for whatever distinction can come from a title. Rich American girls are laughed at for going to Europe and giving up home, old associations, their freedom, their fortunes and themselves for the sake of marrying a title borne by some man who has absolutely nothing else to distinguish him from other uninteresting beings; but only a minority of our title-hunters are of the gentler sex. Our men, even those whose reputation for common sense is enviable, seem willing to lose time, money and peace of mind to any extent, if, by so doing, they can be called by any civil or military title. Lawyers whose practice is very remunerative, frequently become judges, at low salaries, so as to be occasionally addressed as "Your Honor." Clubs are organized apparently that some particular man may have his name appear in print as president; and, as for societies, councils, and lodges, their names and the titles of their officers are innumerable.

LONG AGO.

BY E. C. D.

I sit beside the sinking fire,
 Watch the weird faces in its glow ;
All through the night I should not tire—
 But they have faded long ago.

Ah—dust to dust !—the last repose—
 Ashes to ashes !—well I know
How surely this hath been with those,
 Those whom I loved so long ago.

How surely this with me will be !
 From every petty joy and woe,
From fancied slight, from jealousy
 Made free and safe—ah ! long ago.

And yet may some things with us stay—
 As on the waters lilies blow—
In white and green—just as they lay
 In white and green, so long ago.

'Tis pleasant now to think—"Perhaps
 In memory's light one's face may glow;"
"Out upon time !"—for all things lapse
 In that sad dreary long ago.

But when I'm dead, do not forget—
 Thou whom I used to treasure so ;
Yet may one tear thine eyelid wet,
 Because I loved thee—long ago !

A Perfect Woman.

BY M. W. PAXTON.

"ENGAGED !" said Mrs. Buddington breathlessly. "And to a woman whom you know so little of ! Oh, Frank, Frank ! How recklessly you men fling your lives about !"

Dr Buddington smiled.

Men, as a rule, do not like to be lectured, but Dr. Buddington would endure more of this mental discipline from his pretty sister-in-law than from any other living person.

So he stood there, with folded arms, leaning against the ruby velvet draperies of the mantel, while Mrs. Tom Buddington clipped the dead leaves off her roses, and shook her little head at him warningly.

"I don't suppose I know all about her," said he ; "but a man might have an outside acquaintance with a girl for ten years, and really acquire very little knowledge of her true self. We all have to take our risks, Georgie, you know."

"One of your charity patients, I suppose ?" said Mrs. Buddington scornfully.

"You are wrong there, Georgie," said the doctor, with invincible good humor. "I met her first at one of the Thursday Evening Readings at the Hall."

"Oh, I forgot your philanthropic enterprises," said Mrs. Buddington, elevating her pink nose, "where the lame, the blind, and the halt are all tumbled in together."

"She is a working-girl," said Dr. Buddington, "and she is in Madame Favassi's embroidery and worsted store ; and her name is Angela Adams. And she lives with her mother in a cheap boarding-house. And now you know all about it."

"All ?"—Mrs. Buddington made two round arches of her eyebrows. "I suppose—although you haven't mentioned it—that she is pretty ?"

"As beautiful as an angel," said Dr. Buddington enthusiastically.

"Oh, dear, dear !" said Mrs. Buddington, shaking her head. "I'm afraid you've arrived at the desperate stage of the disease, Frank. A shop-girl in a boarding-house, and beautiful as an angel !"

And she drew a long sigh of despair.

Just about the time Dr. Buddington was running the gauntlet of his sister-in-law's half-serious criticisms, Angela Adams was confiding to her mother the new light which had just dawned on her life.

"Angela, you don't mean it," said poor Mrs. Adams. "It can't be possible !"

Mrs. Adams was pale, and attenuated, and shabby, with great hollows under her cheek-bones, and eyes that glowed beneath their brows like smouldering fires.

Angela was tall and graceful, with shining nut-brown hair, limpid brown eyes, and a delicate complexion, "where rose and lily strove together for mastery," as the old poet says.

"I do mean it," said Angela, "and it is possible. He loves me, and wants me to be his wife."

"Oh, Heaven be praised for this !" eagerly exclaimed Mrs. Adams. "Doctor Buddington is a rich gentleman, who can place my jewel in a casket worthy of her brilliance. He has both social position and dignity.

"He is one whose notice would be a credit to any girl. Did you tell him, darling, how honored you were at his preference ?"

The sudden crimson flamed into Angela's cheek.

Her eyes glittered.

"Honored, mamma !" she exclaimed. "I ? Indeed, no ! There is no man living by whose gracious preference I should feel —honored !"

"Angela !"

"Doctor Buddington is very kind," said the girl recklessly, "and I do not deny that I like him. But he is one of your uncanonized saints, and I am human. I like to dance, to go to parties, picnics, excursions. I delight in admiration, spirit, life, and," with an uplifting of her lovely young head, "I do not propose to take the veil during all the rest of my life under the pretence of marrying. He need not think that because I went once or twice to the Evening Readings that I intend to devote the rest of my days to theology. I am not one of those soft, malleable human creatures who can be moulded into any shape or form. I am Angela Adams, and those who cannot take me just as I am had better let me entirely alone."

Mrs. Adams looked fairly appalled.

"Angela !" she cried. "Daughter, are you crazy ?"

Angela laughed.

"Mamma," she said, "I did not intend to indulge in such a tirade when I began. But I have only expressed my real sentiments, and now I must go back to the store, so good-bye."

And with a loving kiss, she left the warm little room, where poor Mrs. Adams spent most of her time on a not particularly comfortable sofa.

Angela Adams was not unlike a half-tamed wild animal.

Shy, sensitive, distrustful of herself, almost more than of others, capable of almost limitless affection, yet cold by intervals, her moods changed with kaleidoscopic suddenness.

"Yes," she said, within herself, "I love him ; but does he love me ? Am I worthy of a place in his heart ? Once enthroned there, am I capable of retaining my position ? For I would rather never be loved than, once having loved, to lose my sceptre of command.' Doctor Buddington is grave, silent, self-contained.

"I am a trivial-natured, untrained child, nor would I for worlds have him think me better than I am !"

And so, naturally enough, there came a time when their two natures jarred inharmoniously.

"Of course, Angel," said Dr. Buddington, unconsciously using her pet name, "you will not go to the 'Summer Night Festival ?' "

"Why shouldn't I go ?" retorted Angela, all the rebellious instincts of her nature rising up against his words. "All the other girls are going."

"Won't it be rather a miscellaneous crowd ?" said Dr Buddington critically.

"I do not plume myself on being an aristocrat," said Angela coldly.

"It isn't that," argued the doctor. "But the Favard girls and Miss Belmont are going, with their cavaliers—at least, so I am told—and they are not the associates with whom I would wish you to mingle."

"We think differently on that, as on many other subjects," said Angela.

"Do not go, Angela," coaxed Dr. Buddington. "To oblige me, abandon the festival."

"Not I," said Angela lightly. "I love music, and adore the water, and I exult in moonlight. I shall go."

Dr. Buddington looked sadly at the sweet defiant young face.

Was Georgie right, after all ?

Was their an inharmonious chord in Angela's nature which would scatter discord through their whole future lives ?"

He was a man who, although gentle, slow to decide, and judicially impartial, was apt, now and again, to act on the spur of sudden impulse ; and thus he spoke.

"Do as you please," said he. "But remember, Angela, that if you go to this summer-night picnic, it will be in defiance of my plainly expressed wishes ; and I shall interpret it in but one way."

So he went away leaving Angela more determined than ever.

"I am not to be governed like a child," she said. "And I will go !"

What a glorious night it was.

The moonlight like beaming gold, the trees along the river-bank full of mystic shadows, the band playing Strauss' sweetest waltzes.

The fact that Kate Belmont had brought with her the brother whom Angela so vehemently disliked was only a temporary damper to her amusement.

So she danced, dreamed, watched the golden line of ripples that followed in their wake, and tried to forget Dr. Buddington's face—and all the time she was miserable.

"We are to stop here for water," cried Kate Belmont, rushing up to her, "fifteen minutes. And there is a glen, with an ice-cold spring, and Dora Favassi and I are going ashore. The captain says there will be plenty of time to gather maidenhair ferns at the spring. You will come with us, Angela ?"

And scarcely pausing to think, Angela joined the crowd of tumultuous young girls who were hurrying across the plank into the woods.

"Kate !" she cried. "Dora, wait for me !"

But almost before she knew it, she was by Hugo Belmont's side, in the darksome recesses of the glade.

"Where is the spring ?" she breathlessly demanded. "Where are the others ?"

"It will be all right," said Mr. Belmont, with the smooth, plausible smile which she so disliked. "Don't hurry, I beg. There is plenty of time. Take my arm. I know of a short cut which——"

"But I don't like short cuts," said Angela angrily, as she remembered that she was alone with this man in the woods. "Take me back at once !"

Mr. Belmont laughed in a sinister fashion.

"You don't like short cuts," said he, "and you don't like me ! But I like you, my pretty princess, and Kate has been obliging enough to play into my hands. There they go back to the steamer. They have hardly had time enough to get much maidenhair fern, eh ?"

"Let us hasten," cried breathless Angela. "There, the boat whistles now !"

But Mr. Hugo Belmont planted his stalwart figure resolutely across the path.

"We are not going back," said he. "Now don't tremble so, Angela. I know some very pleasant people who live down this road, and I am going to take you there to spend the evening. All is fair, you know, my dear, in love and war."

Angela burst into a wild shriek.

"Help !" she cried, spurning the sneering villain away, "help ! help ! Oh, is there no one to hear me ?"

At that self-same moment a tall, dark figure seemed to glide like a shadow across their path.

Hugo Belmont fell backwards like a log, measuring his length on the dewy grass, and Angela felt her arm drawn resolutely through that of Dr. Frank Buddington.

"You here ?" she cried, with a little hysteric gasp. "Oh, Frank, I am so glad—so thankful !"

"We must walk quickly," he said in a low voice. "The steamer has already sounded her signal of departure—we have not a second to lose."

It was like a troubled dream—the shifting moonlight, the dewy thickets, the glisten of the river, the consciousness that they were once more afloat, with the sweet sound of "The Beautiful Blue Danube" again chiming in her ears, the colored lights of the boat shedding a rainbow-like glory on the thronged deck.

Dr. Buddington lead her to a secluded seat, and stood in silence beside her.

She was very pale—she wrung her hands.

"How came you on board ?" she asked in a low tone.

"Because, Angela, I felt that you needed a protector—because I did not dare to trust my treasured lamb among wolves. Do you know, dear," he added impressively, "that you have had a most narrow escape ?"

"Yes," she answered, shuddering. "Oh, Frank, I have been so mad, so wilful, that I almost deserved the worst which fate could award me.

"I have been trying an experiment with my own heart, and it has failed me. Dear Frank, can you forgive me ? Can you believe me when I tell you that I never will defy your better judgment again ?"

He stooped down in the shadow and tenderly kissed her brow.

"My own darling," he said, "I can believe anything that is good and true of you ! You are only a little wilful that is all."

"But I never will be wilful again," she whispered, "for I love you, Frank , and if my folly had estranged you, I should have been wretched for life."

And that was the end of Angel's experiments ; and Mrs. Dr. Buddington is the most graceful and dignified of young matrons, so that even Mrs. Georgie says wonderingly—

"I never could have believed that she could turn out such a perfect woman. Frank, you were right, after all."

The Heir of Langley.

BY BLAKE PAXSON.

GOOD Sir Nicholas Havens was dead.

The funeral was over, the will read, and the young Sir Henry was sole heir to the vast estate.

His mother died when Henry was six years old, and he had grown up to the age of twenty-two years with not a wish ungratified.

His father was an old man, and loving his only child with all his heart, could not endure that any wish of his should be thwarted.

As a child his fond nurse called him ,"as beautiful as a picture ;" and as the years passed on he had the added charm of strong manhood.

He had the best of tutors ; money was lavished on him without stint.

What wonder that never having been denied a single desire, he should grow up selfish and wilful, and also a spendthrift ?

His good old father, feeling that his health and strength were daily failing, called Henry to his room one day, not long before his death, and begged him to regard his one last wish.

"My son," said he, "when I am gone I fear you will spend your money and waste your land ; but swear to me that you will never part with the poor old lodge that stands in the glen, for when your gold is spent, and your lands are gone, and the world frowns upon you, there you will find a faithful friend."

The lad laughed right merrily.

"Why, dear father, I give you my solemn word that I will do your will ; but there is no danger that I shall ever need to part with all these broad acres, for you, dear father, will live many years yet to enjoy your possessions and to keep me in order ; and you know I am going to turn over a new leaf and be more prudent."

But the old father only shook his head and sighed, and answered never a word.

And now he was gone, and the heir forgot, before many months had passed, all about the new leaf he had thought to turn over and the better life he had intended to lead, for his former companions were constantly urging him on, and ridiculing him, for being, as they expressed it, a "milk-sop !" and the old habits being strong upon him, he finally gave up the battle and became the merriest profligate of them all.

He spent the days in merry cheer, and drank and revelled all night ; he gambled, he tasted all kinds of vices, always spending, never sparing, until all his gold was gone, and he must sell his house and lands and all.

Do you wonder now that he did not pause ? Ah, but he had no kind friend to help him ; he was an orphan, alone in the world ; he had had his own way all his life long ; he must still keep on as he had begun.

Now his father had a keen steward, Robert Welch by name, and he had saved a goodly pile, and looked with an envious and longing eye upon the great Langley estate. So instead of warning Sir Henry, he only bade him "Enjoy yourself while you're young ; if you will sell your lands, I will give you a good lot of gold for them.

He, nothing loth, sold his goodly heritage to Robert, his steward ; but for every pound Robert agreed to give, the land was well worth three.

Thus he sold his land and home, all but the poor and lonely lodge that he had sworn to his father to keep.

Then he told his friends to drink and be merry, and you may be sure they obeyed, till finally again he was without a penny.

But he had no fear of the future yet, for he thought of his many trusty friends, whom he had entertained so royally ; but when he appealed to them for aid he found one was not at home, another had no money to lend, another called him a thriftless fool, and told him sharply, "go your way."

Then, too late, he saw his mistake ; too late he began to repent ; and worn with dissipation, worried with doubts of his future, ashamed to beg—for although he tried to get work, no one would even try such a man as he—weary, sick at heart, and alone, he went his way back to his childhood's home.

He at last came within sight of Langley Manor.

He was so weary and so wretched that he could scarcely put one foot before the other.

Ah, how faint he was !

How his brain reeled !

He tried vainly to stand erect, but he was so worn and fatigued that he fell in the dust by the roadside ; and there, insensible lay the splendid form, the wreck of the beautiful youth, Sir Henry, the heir of Langley.

Only twenty-five years old—poor, poor boy !

Would he had a mother's love, a father's fond care and protection to aid him to regain his lost character and position !

A pitiable sight, indeed, is that of fallen manhood.

Although the three years of his dissipation showed plainly on his face, yet the fair, golden-brown locks, the high, white forehead, the wondrously-perfect features, looked terribly down there in the dust and dirt of the roadside !

But hark ! there was the sound of wheels, of horses' hoofs, and down the road came the daintiest of basket phætons, drawn by two darling white ponies ; and in the carriage, holding the reins herself, sat the very queen of fairies, Miss Lesley Chester, only child of the Hon. Rowland Chester, whose estate, called Chester Hall, lay some four miles further down the road.

Clad in white from head to foot, she seemed just a witching little fairy ; but she was, withal, so generous, so good, so true of heart, that

"To see her is to love her,
And love none else for ever ;
For nature made her what she is,
And ne'r made sic another."

But suddenly the fair driver caught sight of some object by the wayside ; the horses veered to one side, frightened at the sight ; but she soon quieted them and brought them to a standstill, and throwing the reins to her companion, who was none other than her cousin, the great and noble Lord Holcroft, of Greslehurst, she exclaimed, "See, it is some poor, unfortunate man whom we must aid."

Springing lightly from the carriage, she ran hastily to his side.

"He is insensible ; what can we do ?"

Lord Holcroft, looking about him to discover where best to take the man, saw a party of laborers, and calling them to him, they quickly raised their burden from the ground.

"Do any of you know the man ?" eagerly inquired Lesley.

"Ay, ay, my lady ! 'Tis him we call the heir of Langley !" answered the man, doffing his hat.

"Where can he be cared for ?" asked Lord Holcroft, as, noting the anxious light in his fair cousin's eyes, he longed quickly to get rid of the insensible man.

"Well, my lord, I'm thinking there bean't no place to take him to ; he hain't no home, you see, poor fellow ;" and the hard-working laborer dropped his head, for his eyes were moist with tears. "I'd gladly take him to my own humble home, though, sir," and he again raised his head. "I knowed him as a child, sir."

"No, no ! He must be taken to my father's house." Lesley spoke quickly and eagerly. "If you, good men, will carry him along, we will go instantly and bring a carriage to meet you."

And before her astonished and ill-pleased companion could utter a word, she had hurried him to the phæton, and they had driven hastily away.

Then he did remonstrate with her, and begged her to turn back and countermand her order.

But no ; she was a wilful fairy, too, with all her excellence—for you know we cannot possess all good qualities—and she refused to hear a word, but drove her wee ponies as they had never been driven before.

Reaching home, she sent a groom back with a large, easy carriage and plenty of pillows ; despatched another man for the nearest doctor ; then busied herself in seeing that a comfortable room was prepared for the stranger.

Her mother, on hearing who was expected to arrive, and in what shape he was coming, raised her hands in horror ; but Lesley, seeing the motion, threw her arms about her neck and kissed her, saying, "Dear mother, think if he were your boy ! What would you do then ?"

And the mother, thinking of her only son, whom they had buried in the prime of manhood, gave a great sob and answered. "Oh, my Lesley, we will do for him as we would be done by."

Soon they brought him, still unconscious, and laid him on the bed, and for weeks they nursed him with the best of care; but his life hung by a thread, and for six long weeks the fever held its own.

But the man's strong constitution, together with the excellent nursing, finally carried him safely through.

How much they learned of his youth and past life!

He constantly raved of his old home, or his father, begging them to carry him home.

Sometimes he was living over again his three terrible years of dissolute life; but most of all he talked of his childhood home.

The two families had been intimate when Sir Nicholas was alive, and Lesley and Henry had played together as children; but after the death of his wife he had given up all society, and taking his child with him, had spent many years in travel in foreign lands, so that the children seldom met.

But now that the son of their old friend was thrown so unexpectedly upon their care, the Chesters did all in their power to bring him back to life and health, sparing neither money or trouble, doing by him as they would by their own son.

Well, at last the crisis was past, and he slept as sweetly as a child.

"Oh, how white and weak he looks!" thought Lesley, as she gazed on the face that had grown to be so dear to her through all these weary weeks of watching.

Yes, all unknown to her, the love which was to be the great joy of her life had come to Lesley; but as yet she thought not of love; she only felt that no matter how happy she might be to have Sir Henry well again, still she should miss him so much that she hoped he would be a long time—no, she didn't hope that, either; and here she concluded she didn't really know what she did hope, after all, and in the midst of these conradictory musings became conscious of a pair of dark eyes gazing earnestly at her.

Slowly raising her own, she met the gaze of those dark eyes which were to be to her the most beautiful in all the wide world.

Before she could collect her thoughts to speak, Sir Henry asked in a weak voice, "Where am I?"

"At Chester Hall, the home of Rowland Chester," answered Lesley.

"Ah, yes! And you?"

"I am his daughter Lesely."

"Oh! I remember you now—my former playmate. But how came I here."

"Forgive me, but you are strictly forbidden to talk. If you will promise to listen I will tell you all I know about it," answered Lesley.

"I promise," Sir Henry replied.

Lesley told him all; then she said she must leave him, but would send the nurse, and went away to dream over every little word he had spoken.

That seems silly doesn't it?

Well, a good many things seems silly to those who are not in love, which seem very sensible to lovers.

Lord Holcroft stayed on at Chester Hall all this time, irritated by the interest manifested by Lesley for the invalid, yet not wishing to go away without a final and decisive interview, which she avoided giving him.

He was a most welcome guest to Mr. and Mrs. Chester, for besides being the nephew of the latter he was an ardent admirer of Lesley, and a persistent suitor for her hand; but Lesley understanding his selfish and arrogant heart much better than he knew, could not be induced to give him a favorable answer.

Still he would not give up the belief that she in time might come to love and accept him.

Lesley's parents gave him every encouragement as he was, to their minds, a most estimable young man, besides being possessed of a considerable fortune, which added greatly to his other qualities in the eyes of Mr. Chester.

At last Henry was able to sit up, and many a delightful hour he spent, with Lesley by his side, reading to him her favorite poems.

But more often they were engaged in conversations, in which they learned a great deal of one another's past life and of their hopes for the future.

But finally there came a day when Sir Henry could no longer keep from himself the fact that Lesley was growing to be dearer than life itself to him, and he requested an interview of Mr. Chester. He was received in the library.

"Mr. Chester," began Sir Henry, "I come to express my thanks for your great kindness in caring for me through my illness; it is a debt I can never hope to repay.

"But now I must not intrude longer upon your generous hospitality, and have come to bid you farewell."

"No thanks are needed, sir Henry," answered Mr. Chester. "We were only too glad to be of service to the son of our highly esteemed friend, your father. We only did as he would have done for any of us in a like situation."

"Your kind words give me great pleasure, dear sir. But now I must speak with you on a subject I fear will not be acceptable to you.

"Mr. Chester, I love your daughter with all my heart."

"What!" interrupted Mr. Chester, quite savagely. "And have you spoken to her on this subject?"

"I have not, sir," returned Sir Henry, sadly.

"Well, sir, see that you never do. What have you to offer—you, who spent your lands and gold in riotous living? I am amazed at your impudence! My daughter looks higher than to a profligate.

"She is to be the wife of Lord Holcroft, a man of honor and worth.

"Sir, I am astounded at your audacity!" continued Mr. Chester, almost choking with rage.

"And this is the return you make for our kindness! Leave my presence, sir, this instant! But stay—when you can come to me with a redeemed character, as the possessor of Langley Manor, then we will talk about your wooing my Lesley."

"Bah!—that time will never come. Begone, I tell you!"

Sir Henry, with a face as white as the snow, tottered out from the presence of the enraged father.

He kept on and on, until at last he was far away from the home that held his fair love; and then, throwing himself down upon the ground beneath the shade of a grand old oak, he gave full vent to his pent-up misery.

"Fool—fool!" said he. "As I made my bed, so I must lie. But oh, how can I bear it? My punishment seems too great, Heaven help me!

"My love, my love! you will never know how I loved you! And she is to marry Lord Holcroft!

"How can I bear it?

"Well, this is the end of it all. Only twenty-five years old, and my life is nearly over!"

Thus he raved until, worn out with his emotions, he became quiet, and then began thinking where he could go and what could be done.

At last, like an aspiration, came the thought of the old lodge that he had kept.

He had often thought of it during his illness, and intended visiting it when he was fully recovered; but now, as the idea came to him, he sprang to his feet and started with new hope in his heart to go then.

"It will at least give me shelter," he thought.

At first he ran, so buoyed up by hope was he; but after awhile gloomy thoughts came over him, and he walked on with bowed head for some five or six miles.

At last, fatigued with the walk, he reached a gloomy-looking glen, and back from the road, almost hidden by the tall tree and undergrowth, he espied the tumble down old lodge.

With his mind greatly agitated, with his limbs trembling with weakness and excitement, he at last reached the door, and pushing it open, entered.

He looked about in hope of some comfort; but the walls were bare; the little window, dim and dark, was overhung with ivy; no sun ever shone here; no table, no chair, no cheerful hearth, no welcome, comfortable bed.

"Well," said he, "there's no hope here."

But what beheld he there that brought such a terrible look of despair upon his face?

"'Tis the one thing left for me," he moaned. "It is my only friend.

"What did my poor father say? Let me think.

"Ah, me! I know now:—'My son, when I am gone, I fear you will spend your money and waste your lands: but swear to me that you will never part with the poor old lodge that stands in the glen; for when your gold is spent and your lands are gone, and the world frowns upon you, there you will find a faithful friend.'

"The words seemed engraved upon my memory.

"Yes, there indeed is a friend!"

And with a trembling hand he pointed to a rope with running noose that dangled over his head, and above it, in great letters, were these words:—

"Graceless wretch you have spent your all.

"Here is a trusty friend that will shield you from disgrace and end your shame and sorrow."

Never a word spoke the heir of Langley, but drew the cord about his neck and sprang aloft, when lo! the ceiling burst in twain and he fell to the ground.

He lay astonished on the floor, hardly knowing if he were alive or dead.

When at length he looked about, he found a paper wrapped about a key.

It told him of a place in the wall in which were three chests of gold.

He found the place, opened the chests, and there in one he found a letter from his father which read thus:—

"Once more, my son, I set you clear. Amend your life, for unless you do, that rope must at last be your end."

The heir of Langley fell upon his face.

"Once again I swear," said he, "that I will regard your will, dear father. I will amend my ways at once."

He arose, and sat awhile buried in thought, then arose to his feet.

With lightened heart and step he boldly entered the gates of Langley Manor.

He gained admittance to the dining hall, where Robert Welch, the former steward, sat at his table entertaining some friends; then he spoke quickly to Robert saying, "I beg of you, good Robert Welch, to lend me a few pence."

But he indignantly told him to be gone, for he would never trust him for one penny.

Then he pleaded to Robert's wife.

"For charity give me something to eat."

But no; she would not.

Then said one good-hearted fellow who sat at the table, "Once you were a good landlord; once you spared not your gold, and I will lend you five shillings; and, Robert Welch, I beg that for my sake you will give him food, for you have his land, and it was a good bargain for you."

Then said Welch with a great oath, "I lost by that bargain; but here I offer you, Sir Henry before these friends of mine, that you shall have it back for less than you sold it to me"—never dreaming that the spendthrift heir had any money, and glancing around the table, as much as to say, "There! haven't I redeemed myself now?"

Then, to the amazement of all, Sir Henry pulled forth the gold and laid it upon the table, and said, "There is your price, and now the gold is yours and the land is mine, and I am once again Sir Henry of Langley Manor."

So amazed was Robert Welch that he could not speak.

"And now continued Sir Henry, turning to the man who had offered to lend him money, "here, my man; for your kindness you shall have sixty pounds, a pound for every penny you were willing to lend me, and I make you keeper of my forest, for I should be much to blame if I did not reward your bounteous heart."

Then turning to the hard-hearted steward, said "Take your gold and go."

With a happy heart Sir Henry went about the place, speaking with the old servants.

Now he was again a rich man; so much he had regained; but he had still to redeem his lost character before he could present himself before Mr. Chester as a suitor for his daughter's hand.

Great was the wonder and amazement of the country round about when the news was heard how the thriftless heir had again possession of the Manor.

But many heads were shaken, many sighs drawn, while the old gray-heads muttered, "He will soon fall back to his old ways."

But now he had something to work for, something to live for; and although his old companions came back with many excuses for their late ill-treatment of him; he refused to accept their apologies and told them all the same story:—

"I shall never put my old home in jeopardy again. I am under oath to redeem my character before the world."

Full a year passed away, and had been filled with good work, for the young heir came to be spoken of, as his father was before him, as "our good Sir Henry!"

Then, and not until then, did he present himself before Mr. Chester, to demand his consent to winning his daughter for his wife.

Mr. Chester took him heartily by the hand and gave him a good welcome, begging forgiveness for his past unkindness, and giving him praise for having raised himself so high in the estimation of the people.

Then Sir Henry went in search of Lesley, and finding her in the garden among her flowers, he poured out his love, and asked her to be his wife.

She accepted him with tears of joy in her eyes.

Her father never told her of that avowal of love which Sir Henry had made to him a year before, but only said that Sir Henry, in his opinion, was an ill-bred fellow for having left them as he did; but that it was only what might be expected from such a miserable, dissolute fellow.

Mrs. Chester and her daughter had secretly grieved over his sudden disappearance, and Lesley, by his absence, came to know how she had grown to love him, and refused so decidedly to listen to Lord Holcroft that he did at last take "no" for answer, and left Chester Hall.

When they heard of Sir Henry regaining his old home, and of the new and better life he was leading, hope sprang up in Lesley's heart that she might again be permitted to meet him; and now he had come and had entreated for her love.

Could it be true?

She seemed to be in a dream, but she was awakened by the fond kisses which her lover pressed upon her brow, her cheek, her lips.

Sir Henry would not be put off long; he would have an early wedding.

So in the sweet September sunshine they were married.

And now, with the merry marriage bells ringing in our ears, we bid them adieu, and leave them to begin their life together.

A Muscular Hero.

BY J. CLEGG.

ALTHOUGH my name appears on the bills of our concert hall as Professor Harold Brachmann, continental violinist and leader of the orchestra, and I am usually considered—chiefly on account of long hair, smooth-shaven face, and a fur-collar—to be a foreigner, I was born in Bradford, have lived there all my life, and am only entitled by birth and baptism to a very unmusical and ordinary name indeed.

My father was a fiddler before me—and a good one.

He found time to teach me his trade, and I have made an honest and sufficient living by it so far.

I have been asked to make a plain statement of my connection with Joe Trevor, whose widow and children now live with me—a substitute for the family that I, unlovable creature, can no longer hope for.

When Joe was left an orphan at twelve years old I was a solitary man of thirty, and adopted the lad, partly for his father's sake, chiefly for his own.

He was already a well-trained gymnast, and signs were not wanting of the enormous strength that distinguished him in time to come.

How men love their sons I, a childless man, don't know; but I came to love the boy with all the force of my heart, and he loved me, as I have been well assured, and remember now with comfort.

In the way of education I did more for my adopted son than is commonly done for those who look to the trapeze and bar for maintenance.

He came of age with solid muscles and fairly cultured mind, and with a full list of engagements at sundry provincial halls. Soon after that he fell in love.

A hurried letter from Lancashire brought me the news.

Joe was performing in one of the smoky, brick-built, people-crammed, factory-studded towns, plentiful enough in that industrious county, when he was smitten by a singer in the company—not one of the common sort, he was careful to explain."

The angel smiled on him; two months later they were married, too far north for me to attend the ceremony.

"Sorry you can't be with us, dear daddy," Joe wrote; "but I know the assurance of our happiness will gladden your kind old heart, and we shall certainly come to see you before long."

This promise was not fulfilled.

Business kept the young folks far away from Yorkshire, and for two years an occasional letter was all that joined us.

At last the time came for our meeting.

I can remember yet how it stirred me to anticipate seeing my boy again, and making the acquaintance of his wife.

I am uncertain how matters stood with them—whether the great and assured bliss of early marriage had lasted, or dwindled into the matter-of-fact toleration that serves as happiness with so many husbands and wives.

No hints had come in the few lines that reached me at intervals from many parts of the kingdom.

The birth of a boy and girl had been duly chronicled; but of what seemed to me the more important matter of domestic comfort there was no word.

Well, the time came and passed.

I had made Mrs. Trevor's acquaintance, and renewed my knowledge of Joe.

Physically, my boy was much improved; his wide chest had deepened; his muscular limbs were more massive.

Concerning his wife, I need only say that she struck me favorably at first sight: that I have not seen, from that time to this, any but sensible and womanly traits in her, and that she fills now now the place of a daughter to me, in such fashion as real daughters in the ordinary way seldom equal.

"This life is a sickening sort of business," said Joe, in melancholy confidence to me, as we settled down for a quiet talk on the night of his arrival, when his wife and children, and my landlady, had gone to bed.

"Sickening. I have the best wife in the world, healthy and lovable children, the most affectionate old father possible, and yet," slapping my knee, and looking hard at me with his great black eyes—"yet I have not found real happiness."

My heart sank. "Why not?" I asked him.

"It's hard to say," he answered, sucking vigorously at a black-headed pipe.

"It galls me to the quick to slave at my business and risk my life daily for a bare hand-to-mouth existence.

"There's my wife, too; look at her case. A domestic servant, I call her.

"She washes, bakes, cleans her rooms, tends her children, drudges from early morning to late night, and has no more time for refining studies or intellectual growth than any other lodging-house slavery."

"Come, Joe," said I, "don't get such ideas into your head.

"There is no way out of it. A different lot is impossible now."

"Quite," said the poor lad, sighing. "Quite impossible, daddy.

"Content or not, poor we are, and must remain.

"I know a man of my age who is cursed with a rich and powerful imagination. Nature intended him for a poet; but he is poor, works at a mechanical trade for a living, and gnaws his heart out.

"Nature gave me bodily strength. Look!"

He rose, expanded his huge chest, caught up with one hand a heavy oak chair, and whirled it round his head.

"What does it all amount to?" he resumed, dropping the chair, and sitting down in it again with a groan.

"Empty-headed fools who can sing a comic song make as many guineas as I do; and with a long life of hard work there is no prospect of earning enough to keep us in comfort."

"Don't fret about it," was all the solace I could give him.

"Your wife doesn't. She is happy enough, and will make you happy too, if you let her."

There was little sleep for me that night. I lay awake for hours, harrassed by Joe's confession of discontent, and picturing evil days for him in the future.

Miserable, short-sighted beings that we are!

My forebodings were soon to be laid at rest, and in terrible fashion.

Joe's engagement at our hall proved to be highly popular and successful.

The mere sight of him on the stage was enough to strike and audience with amazement, and his performances—lifting fabulous weights, bending iron bars, and so forth—never failed to arouse enthusiasm.

On the Friday night we had a full house. Our manager walked about in high good-humor, jingling the money in his pockets, and working little sums in mental arithmetic to estimate the receipts.

At nine o'clock Joe appeared and set to work.

A few minutes later I noticed a peculiar, pungent smell.

"There's a fire somewhere, Professor," my second violin whispered.

"Hush!" said the clarionet player, who sat close behind me. "Keep it quiet, man!"

But that was not easy. A wave of restlessness ran over the hall and balconies, a low murmur swelled into shrieks and groans, and in little more than one minute came the frenzied rush to the doors that in these cases always proves what selfish, cowardly wretches we are, with all our culture and civilization.

The fire in itself was nothing, merely a bit of smouldering canvas behind the scenes; but a panic had set in, and was not to be stopped.

The manager ceased to chuckle about his receipts, left off jingling his money, and ran upon the stage to call for order.

He might as well have tried to check the Niagara Falls.

Joe caught his trapeze, swung himself into the middle of the hall, and, hanging there above the people's heads, lifted up his deep voice in warning.

It was all waste of breath. Seeing that, he set his bar swinging, propelled himself into the lower balcony, burst through a private door, down a narrow staircase, and came out into the corridor, just inside the pay-boxes.

The crush here was terrific. It was hopeless, even for the athlete, to dream of piercing the crowd, and no human speech could avail.

The way out was barred by a double railing, through which passage could only be made in single file, and behind that the massive entrance-doors were fast shut and bolted.

In a few seconds that vast heap of writhing, shrieking, half-suffocated humanity would be jammed, helpless, into this sort of slaughter-house, and crushed to death.

How to open those threatening doors?

There was only one way. Joe saw it, and sprang upon the shoulders of the nearest man, and went over the heads of the closely-packed crowd with rapid strides, crushing hats and bonnets with sublime indifference.

In a moment the wide doors rolled apart. Joe turned tore up a length of railing with [illegible]antic strength, and hurled it into the street.

One more, and the passage would be clear.

He laid his powerful hands on the remaining woodwork, and shook it violently. It cracked, yielded, gave way suddenly, and the strong man was hurled over upon his back and trampled into a mass by a thousand heedless feet, within a yard of the threshold.

When the rush was over, and there was time to breathe and think, his still body was seen lying among the splintered timber.

"Here, quick!" said a tall man who had been the first to escape; "here's the brave fellow that saved us all. Lend a hand with this wood."

Help was not wanting. A score of gentle hands lifted the bruised, crushed body, and laid it down, clear of the rubbish, for a doctor's inspection.

Inspection and help came alike too late. Joe Trevor was dead.

◆

Clear Headed Crows.—In one instance I had my field-glass with me, and made careful notes of what took place. The crows had assembled on Duck Island, in the Delaware river, and were busily engaged in running along the sand-bars exposed at low tide. Every few moments one of them would rise up to a height of fully fifty feet, carrying a mussel in its beak, and flying inland to a distance of one hundred yards, would let the mollusk fall on the meadow. Usually the force of the fall was sufficient to break the shell. The crows, as soon as they had let fall their burden, immediately returned to the island and bars and gathered more mussels. This was continued until the returning tide made mussel-hunting impracticable. In no instance, did the crows carry the food they were gathering by their feet. There is one fact with reference to this habit of the crows, which is, I think, indicative of greater intelligence than the mere fact of lifting an object and dropping it in order to break it. This is, that all the mussels so dropped were left undisturbed until the returning waters made further fishing impracticable, when the birds hastened to feast on the results of their intelligent labor. Marvelous as it may seem, these crows recognize the nature of tides; and, knowing their time was short, made as good use of it as possible.

◆

"Doing a Grand Work for Me."

In sending for a new supply of Compound Oxygen, a gentleman at Walnut, Iowa, says:

"I cannot get along without it, as it is doing such a grand work for me. You would not believe me to be the same miserable man I was a year ago to see me now, I am gaining so fast in flesh. I weigh more now than I ever did in my life before, but I still have pains through my lungs when I do any work, but other ways I am feeling as well as ever I did."

Our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of chronic diseases, will be sent free. Address Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philada.

The Old Arm-Chair.

BY DAVID KER.

ANTONY LICHEN was my young man, and indeed, he was a very nice young man, and it wasn't his fault he was Dutch; that all came from being born in foreign parts, and might have happened to [illegible], but my mother was English to the [illegible], she'd often say; and she had a way of [illegible] foreigners [illegible], to it wasn't [illegible] to them, and [illegible] provoked [illegible] up and give her a piece [illegible] something she couldn't put up with, [illegible] coming of a decent family that had no foreigners in it.

"Sophia, my dear, we're all foreigners in one part of the world or another," my father would say. "If we were to go to Holland, Sopia, we'd be foreigners there, you know."

But mother she'd not believe it.

"It's them would be foreigners all the same," she'd say, "wherever we were. And how you could like to think of yourself as such, I do not know."

And I couldn't tell which was right, for I was not book-learned, but just a plain young woman that tried to do her best.

Only I knew that we couldn't help where we were born.

"Oh, mother," I used to say, "I do declare to gracious, it's mean of you to talk so of poor Antony. If he'd robbed a bank, you couldn't go on worse."

But all mother would say, was—

"Oh, Jane, Jane, how can you be so besotted with the Dutch?"

"'Tisn't the Dutch, ma," says I. "It's

"And that's exactly the same thing," said she.

Oh, it was dreadful!

Sally Ann had her young man.

He was a farmer.

And Amelia Matilda had hers.

He was a farmer, too.

And I'm sure neither of them was as nice as my Antony Lichen.

But mother never said a word against 'em because—as I said once when I was dreadful mad—they grew on the soil like the cabbages.

Sally Ann might have her company on Sunday evening, and Amelia Matilda hers on Wednesday, but there was no time for us.

I wasn't naturally sly.

I wouldn't have you think that of me for worlds.

But your steady company is your steady company, come what may, and we made up our minds we'd see each other whether folks liked it or not.

That was the way it began.

What began?

Oh, his coming sly into the sewing-room on the second floor, where the machine was; getting first on the fence and then on the shed, and then in at the window.

And I'd say to mother—

"Mother, I'm going up to sew."

And she'd say—

"Well, Jane, just as you like."

And then I'd go up there; and then I'd put my candle in the window, in would come Antony; and I'd work the treadle with my foot to drown our voices.

The room was a little one, and all it held was the machine, one cane-chair, and one big arm-chair, with a striped chintz cover.

Oh, yes, and a peach-basket we used for our work.

Two people about filled it up, but Antony used to say it was just like heaven.

Antony was very poetical.

If mother only could have overlooked his being Dutch, I'm certain sure she'd have said so too.

Well, it was delightful.

I never was happier.

Every time the stairs creaked, we thought it was ma.

And I used to think that if Antony should jump out of the window in a hurry, and get down the wrong side into the cistern and be drowned, what a dreadful thing it would be.

Or even if he wasn't drowned, our dog, Rose, might take it into his head to hold him, and pa had a gun, and of course, he'd think it was a robber.

Every horrid picture I could think of, I did; but things never turn out as you expect they will.

What you dread never happens, and what you don't does.

We might have been meeting in that sewing-room yet, for all I know—me and Antony—if it hadn't been for the arm coming off that chair.

What took it off, I don't know, but off it was anyhow; and pa, who is a great hand to mend things, lugged it away to the garret to mend it.

When he got it mended, he had to leave it until it set of course; and that evening there was only a common chair and the peach-basket in the room.

Antony sat on the peach-basket turned bottom upwards, and I sat working the machine; and we were talking and whispering and kissing as folks that liked each other as we did do, you know, when all of a sudden, creak, creak, went the stairs.

"That's ma," says I.

"It's nobody," said Antony, "It is the usual false alarm."

Creak went the stairs again.

"It is ma this time," says I.

And just then I heard someone fumbling in the darkness at the handle of the door.

There was no time for Antony to get out of the window, but a sudden notion seized me—an idea that seemed to fall from the stars.

The slip-cover of the arm-chair hung over the machine, and as Antony sat on the peach-basket, I slipped it over his head.

He took the idea in a minute, and slipped his hands into the right place, and there he was, in a moment, a chintz-covered arm-chair, and nothing else.

Scared as I was, I couldn't help laughing when I saw ma there looking straight at it, and never guessing it was anything but what it seemed.

"How industrious you be to-night, Jane," said she. "I've come to tell you Dominie Saybrook's son is in the parlor inquiring for you. You might change your dress, before you come down, I should think. Your hair is sproozy. Seems funny to me how your's comes so rough; I never saw it nicer than it was at ten."

Now I hated Dominie Saybrook's son, and I wouldn't have had him if he'd been made of gold and lined with diamonds.

But I knew that it wasn't possible for mortal man to sit as still as Antony was sitting much longer; and he was a little jealous of Sam Saybrook, and if he was to wiggle ever so little, ma'd see him certain sure.

So I didn't make any answer, but—

"Yes, ma."

And I went to the door in a hurry, hoping she'd come after me to my bedroom and give poor Antony a chance.

But what were my feelings when ma just turned about and goes past me, and says she—

"I'll just sit down in the arm-chair and rest a bit, for them steep stairs takes my breath away."

And down she sat.

I heard the peach-basket go smash, and I heard Antony cry out—

"*Ach Himmel!*"

And there they were flat on the floor, ma atop and Anthony's head smothered up in the cover.

I gave up all for lost, and just stood and shook, when all of a sudden, up jumped ma and rushed out of the room with her hands over her eyes.

I after her.

"Oh, ma, ma," says I.

"Oh, Jane, Jane," says she.

"I never expected I should see a miracle. It's a sign of death," says she; I know I shan't live a year."

We'd got into the dining-room now, and there was pa and the servant, and sister Sally Ann and her beau, and Amelia Matilda and hers.

"Oh, what is the matter?" says one, and, "Oh, what is the matter?" says t'other.

I held my tongue, for I saw ma hadn't found out Antony yet.

"Oh, oh, oh!" says ma, "oh oh, oh! You won't believe me I know; but Jane saw it. I went to sit down in the arm chair in the sewing-room—the chintz arm-chair, you know—and it swore Dutch at me, and tumbled down.

"It's a miracle, I know. It's a sign and a token, and I'll be gone before a year is past!

"I'm scared to death—I'm scared to death."

"Nonsense, Sophy," says pa; "there ain't no arm-chair in the sewing-room. It's up in the garret."

"Tell you I saw it," says ma. "Didn't I, Jane? Didn't I sit in it, and it swore Dutch, and tumbled over."

"I did see it," says I, "and it did go over."

"Bother!" says pa.

"I'll see for myself."

And upstairs he ran, and all of us after him but Antony was gone, and the red cover hung over the sewing-machine.

"There's no chair there," says pa.

"Then says poor ma, "I've see its ghost or else Satan took the form of an arm-chair, for I swear it swore Dutch."

We had a dreadful time with ma that night, and I did not know what to do, but I wrote a note to Antony next morning, and he acted like a man.

He came over and confessed, and I believe saved ma's life; anyhow, she was so glad to find there hadn't been a miracle, after all, that she said she'd forgive us.

And Antony did talk beautiful, I am sure; and she said it was his misfortune, and not his fault to be a foreigner, and that he might come to see me when he choose.

And that's how it all ended.

And we're married now, and have fourteen children, and everything that heart can wish.

And Sally Ann is married to her young man, and Amelia Matilda to hers, but they ain't neither of 'em as happy as me and Antony.

I asked for the big arm chair when I went to housekeeping, and I sat by it, I can tell you.

Sometimes I'll look at it until I think old courting days ain't gone, and Anton is inside of it, and ma making ready to sit down.

You see, I'm a romantic disposition, and always was.

◆

A Curious Letter.—A traveling showman lately wrote as follows to his agent in town:—"We have arrived here safe, after a long and troublesome journey; the ordered goods have arrived in good order. The messenger has brought us snow and hail in good order; the storm came one day later. I am sorry that the thunder bursted up, and the lightning we had to patch up also. The ocean and rivers I wish you to send by canal, as the freight is cheaper; and do not forget to send us new clouds and a new sun. But the most important thing we want is a bay, as ours has been burnt. Roll them all up, and send immediately.

◆

A Methodist Conference in this city has refused even probationary membership to a minister of its denomination who has attended the theatre.

New Publications.

"A Book of Fancy Designs in Stitches for Ornamenting Oriental Work" will be of great value to those making "crazy" quilts and work of similar character. Published by Mrs. M. Hachnlen, Chicago, Ill. Price 25 cents.

"How to Draw and Paint" is a book whose title sufficiently explains its character. It contains considerable matter, directions, etc., bearing on the subject, with a large number of diagrams, pictures, etc., for practice. Price 50 cents. Published by the American News Company, New York.

"Trafalgar" is a story translated from the Spanish of B. P. Galdos by Clara Bell. It is a character study of considerable strength although the love element shares in the rather interesting plot to some extent. A main feature of the tale and one in which the author's splendid powers of description are seen to their full advantage, is a most valuable portrayal of the sea-battle of Trafalgar, the incident indeed which gives name to the work. Excellently printed and bound. Price 90 cents. Gottsberger, New York, Publisher. For sale by Porter & Coates.

A [illegible] Princess [illegible] [illegible] of the most popular [illegible] Tennyson's poems. M. F. S. Dawson, the author, has done his work exceedingly well. Even those who are most familiar with the poem on which it treats, cannot rise from a perusal of this explanation and commentary, without possessing new lights and a better understanding of the poet's meaning and intention. Bound in blue and gold. Published by Dawson Bros., Montreal Canada.

MAGAZINES.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for May has the following contents: The Sins of Legislators; The Beaver and His Works, (Illustrated); The Progress of the Working Classes in the Last Half Century; An Experiment in Prohibition; The Milk in the Cocoanut; Longevity of Astronomers; The Chemistry of Cookery; How Flies Hang On (Illustrated); Where Did Life Begin? Christian Agnosticism; The Beginning of Metallurgy; Our New Skin and Cancer Hopital; The Morality of Happiness; Was He an Idiot?; Sketch of Mary Somerville, (with portrait); Correspondence, Editor's Table, Literary Notices, Popular Miscellany and Notes. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New york.

The May *Magazine of American History* opens with a spirited contribution from John Esten Cooke on the Virginia Declaration of Independence, in 1776. It is accompanied with some twenty handsome illustrations, chiefly old houses and rare portraits. The second paper of the number is from the pen of Dr. Cyrus Thomas, who presents in a readable sketch the arguments which go to prove that the Cherokees were probably Mound-builders. [illegible] Mather contributes an exhaustive and scholarly [illegible] Slavery in the Colony and State of New York. The Editor writes of Washington [illegible] [illegible] of the Colony [illegible] [illegible] James P. Baxter [illegible] Notes and comments [illegible] In the Private Intelligence Papers, we [illegible] have now reached Chapter VIII. In Minor Topics we have a thrilling episode of the Civil war [illegible] [illegible] a letter from James Parton. In Notes are some quaint contributions. This valuable Magazine is growing in the public with every issue, and [illegible] the highest praise. Published at 30 Lafayette Place New York city.

The contents of the *Sanitarian* for May are: A Perverted Will as a Factor in Insanity; Marine Hygiene; Qualifications of a Good Sea Cook; Some Facts Relating to the Origin of the National Board of Health, International Sanitary Conferences in their Commercial Relations; Sanitary Service on board Trans-Oceanic Passenger Vessels; Progress of Sanitation; The London Sewerage Question; Editor's Table; etc., etc. Published at 113 Fulton St. New York. Price 35 cents a copy.

The English Illustrated Magazine for May among its contents has the following articles most of which are grandly illustrated: Lace Making at Nottingham; A Woman's Keepsake; The Industries of the English Lake District; An Unsentimental Journey Through Cornwall; Interlopers at the Knap; My Wife's Valentine etc., etc. Price 15 cents per number. Macmillan & Co. 112 Fourth Ave. New York.

◆

A BALD-HEADED, consequential Moneybags was dilating recently upon the fact of his being a "self-made man," when a bystander remarked—"If you are a 'self-made man,' why didn't you put some hair on the top of your head?" He wilted.

◆

Important.

Philadelphians arriving in New York via Cortland Street Ferry by taking the 6th Avenue Elevated Train corner Church and Cortlandt Streets, can reach the Grand Union Hotel, 42d Street opposite Grand Central Depot in twenty minutes, and save $3 carriage hire. In coming to Saratoga or other summer resorts via Grand Central Depot, all Baggage will be transferred from Depot to this Depot, FREE. 600 Elegantly furnished Rooms, [illegible] and upwards per day. Restaurant the best and cheapest in the City. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union than at any other first class hotel in the city.

Our Young Folks.

WITH A SNAKE.

BY DAVID KER.

"NOW, Captain, let us have that snake adventure that you were talking about at dinner," said half a dozen voices at once, as a group of passengers gathered upon the hurricane-deck of our homeward-bound steamer, to listen to one of the "after-dinner stories," for which Captain Swordsley, of the Scinde Irregular Horse of India was already famous on board.

"With pleasure, if you wish it," answered the Captain, a tall, gaunt, keen-eyed old fellow with a long grey moustache, whose hard face, burned almost black by the tropical sun, looked as if carved in solid mahogany.

"But before I begin, the ladies must promise that they won't be frightened, for it's rather a grim story."

The ladies, one and all, declared that they were not a bit afraid; and Captain Swordsley began as follows:

"I was always very much afraid of snakes, as far back as I can remember.

"When I was a child, if ever I saw a serpent in a picture, I would scream and run away; and I always shut my eyes when I passed the statuette of Laocoon and his sons in the coils of snakes, which stood in our hall.

"It was a joke with my brothers for a long time to say that I should faint at the sight of a corkscrew; and the first time we went up to London they used to tell me to be sure and not go near Hyde Park, for fear I should see the Serpentine.

"When I first went out to India as a raw lad from England, I had my head full of wild beast stories, like all the rest.

"I never went to bed without looking underneath to see if there wasn't a tiger crouching there; and I was always expecting a mad elephant to come crushing and trumpeting right through the wall, or a boa-constrictor forty feet long to wriggle in through the window.

"But week after week went by, and neither snake nor wild beast did I see. The fact was, I had come just at the beginning of the dry season, when the snakes always disappear; and as for the tigers and elephants, the cutting away of the jungle to make room for the railway (which was being pushed forward pretty briskly just then) had scared away most of them.

"But at last—all through my own foolishness in not taking proper care of myself—I met with something which was as bad as any wild beast, and that was a fever.

"I don't know anything in the world more troublesome than a real Indian fever, when once it gets fairly into your blood. It just comes, and goes, and comes again, like rain in April.

"You get up one morning quite fresh, thinking it's all over at last, and before evening you'er down on your back again, too weak to lift a spoon to your mouth.

"Well, this went on for several days, and during two whole nights I never slept a wink.

"At last I fell asleep from sheer exhaustion, and dreamed a very strange dream. All through my illness, my old horror of snakes had come back worse than ever; and now, as if to make things better, I dreamed that I was a snake myself, and that all the other serpents in the world, hearing that I was ill, were coming to pay me a visit.

"Miles and miles away I could see them coming twisting and wriggling along, thousands upon thousands of them, of all sorts and sizes, black, green, yellow, white, striped, or spotted, till the whole earth seemed creeping with them.

"Then all the trees began to twist about too, as if they were turning into snakes; and what with the hissing, and writhing, and coiling, and thrusting out of tongues, such a horror ran through me that I gave a tremendous jump and awoke.

"But at first I almost hoped that I was dreaming still; for although my head was so weak with the fever that I could hardly see across the room, I saw one thing plainly enough, which seemed to turn me cold all over.

"My clothes were lying on a chair close to the window, and I could see hanging out from among them the speckled tail of a cobra-di-capello, the deadliest serpent in all India.

"Call for help I couldn't, though I tried my hardest; but my voice was so completely gone, that it sounded no louder than the chirping of a sparrow.

"I couldn't have moved hand or foot to defend myself, if all the snakes of my dream had attacked me in a body; and even if I had, it wouldn't have helped me much. The serpent was hardly six feet from me—less than its own length, in fact, and one spring would have brought it right upon me.

"My only hope seemed to be the chance that the snake might find itself too snug to move, for they're always fond of burrowing under blankets or coverings of any sort; so I lay still and waited.

"I don't know how long I lay there, but to me it seemed as if the time would never end.

"I couldn't turn away my eyes from the horrible thing that carried death in its mouth and might spring upon me and strike me dead at any moment.

"Meanwhile the restlessness of my fever had come back upon me worse than ever, and to have to lie quite still when I was just longing to scream and kick about was the greatest torture you can imagine.

"All at once I saw the serpent's tail begin to quiver and sway to and fro, as it always does just before the creature makes its spring.

"The fright brought back my strength for a moment, and I gave a yell as if twenty wolves had all howled at once.

Instantly the door flew open, and in rushed my servant, old Jack Harris, who happened very fortunately to be passing just at that moment.

"Jack Harris was a grim old grenadier, so stiff and stern that you'd have thought he couldn't laugh if he tried. But the minute he saw the snake, he put his hands to his sinds, and laughed till the room shook; and when I looked and saw that what it really was, I laughed too till I had no breath left.'

"And what was it, then?" asked all the listeners in chorus.

"One of my black and white silk stockings," ,answered the Captain quietly, "which, hanging over the chair and swaying in the draught from the window, made a very fair imitation of a serpent. And that, I give you my word, was the only snake adventure I ever had."

◆

BEARDS, HAIR, AND WIGS.—As far as the growth of beards can be traced from portraits and other remains of antiquity, I find it never flourished more in England than in the century preceding the Norman Conquest.

That of Edward the Confessor was remarkably large, as appears from the seal in Speed's "Theatre of Great Britain."

After the Conqueror took possession of the kingdom, beards became unfashionable, and were probably looked upon as badges of disloyalty, as the Normans wore only whiskers.

It is said that English squires took those invaders for an army of priests, as they appeared to be without beards.

If we may depend upon the authority of engraved portraits, the beard extended and expanded itself more during the short reign of Edward VI. and Mary, than from the Conquest to that period.

Bishop Gardiner has a beard long and streaming like a comet.

The beard of Cardinal Pole is thick and bushy; but this might possibly be Italian.

The patriarchal beard, as we find in the tapestries of those times, is both long and large; but this seems to be the invention of the painter who drew the Cartoons.

This venerable appendage to the face was formerly much regarded.

Pamphlets were written on the "Unloveliness of Love-Locks and the Mischief of Long Hair," which made much noise in the kingdom during the reign of Charles I., but I have never been able to find anything written against the beard.

At the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, we are informed by Hentzner that the English cut the hair close on the middle of the head, but suffered it to grow on either side.

The Rev. Mr. John More, of Norwich, one of the worthiest clergyman in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, gave the best reason that could be given for wearing the longest and largest beard of any Englishman of his time; namely, "that no act of his life might be unworthy of the gravity of his appearance."

I wish as good a reason could have always been assigned for wearing the longest hair and the longest and largest wig.

In the reign of Charles I. the hair was worn low on the forehead, and generally unparted; some, however, wore it very long, and others only a moderate length.

The King and consequently many others, wore a love-lock on the left side, which was considerably longer than the rest of the hair.

The unseemliness of this fashion occasioned Mr. Prynne to write a very curious book, in quarto, against love-locks.

The beard dwindled very gradually under the two Charleses, till it was reduced to a slender pair of whiskers; it became quite extinct in the reign of James II., as if its fatality had been connected with that of the House of Stuart.

The periwig, which had long been used in France, was introduced into England soon after the Restoration.

There is a tradition that the large black wig which Dr. R. R. bequeathed, among other things of much less consideration, to the Bodleian Library, was worn by Charles II.

Some men of tender conscience were greatly offended at this article of dress, as being equally indecent as long hair; and more offensive, because more unnatural. Many preachers inveighed against it in their sermons, and cut their own hair shorter, to express their abhorrence of the reigning mode.

It was observed that a periwig procured many persons a respect, and even veneration, which they were strangers to before, and to which they had not the least claim from any personal merit.

The judges and physicians who thoroughly understood this magic of the wig, gave it all the advantages of length as well as size.

The extravagant fondness of some men for this unnatural ornament is scarcely credible; we have heard of a country gentleman who employed a painter to place periwigs upon the heads of several of Vandyck's portraits.

Dr. Nath. Vincent, D. D., chaplain in ordinary to the King, preached before him at Newmarket in a long periwig and holland sleeves, according to the fashion for gentleman, and his Majesty was so offended at it, that he commanded the Duke of Monmouth, Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, [illegible] the decrees of apparel put in execution, which was done accordingly.

THE WHITE CHIEF.

BY HARTLEY RICHARDS.

FOREMOST, in those early days, among the maidens of the Wylackies, in the beauty and grace of her savage nature, was Un-wa, the daughter of Shawu, the great chief.

She counted her years by the foot of Mount Wirt, and, as pure as the snows, the [illegible].

Free as the fawn sporting in her native mountains and over the snowpeaks, she was as guileless and as gentle

Evil had never come near her.

She only knew what the wild flowers told her, with the whispers of the wind sighing among the pines.

She had heard of the whites, 'tis true—of their deeds, and of their fame; of their cruelty, and of their thirst for the blood of her race.

The runners, swift as arrows, had brought the news.

But, watched over by her tribe, she had never seen their faces, and the white man had never looked on her.

Rambling, one sunny day, far away from the women of her tribe, gathering the blossoms of the white clover in the early springtime, she fell asleep at the foot of a tree, and as she slept, mournful and sad came the spirit of the dreams and fanned her with his wings.

She dreamed that the whites had at last found the green mountain glen in which lay hidden the last home of her tribe.

Heard the groans of anguish and cries of despair.

The shouts of triumph and the crack of the rifle.

She dreamed that panting, almost fainting, she was flying from a fate to her worse than death.

In vain, for the hand of the white race was already upon her, and, as the dream went on, she cried aloud in horror and despair.

And the spirit of sleep, frightened by her scream, flew back to the sky, taking with him the spirit of the dreams.

But, as they soared upward to their home in the clouds, with a light in his eyes which she knew not, but feared, they left the white hunter alone with the red [illegible].

Almost fainting, as in her dreams, the tears chasing each other down her young face, Un-wa, with her hands tied with a thong of deer-hide, was dragged and carried through the deep wood and the wild laurel, over miles of mountains and canyons to the hunter's cabin.

That night she escaped, and, fleet as her name, she flew into the night on the wings of fear from the terror behind, speeding like an arrow through the wood and the wild laurel, until, bewildered, lost and bleeding, she saw, in the valley below her, the bright light of a fire shining among the trees.

A small party of regulars had halted for the night, and as the twigs and branches crackled under her feet in her headlong flight, they sprang to their feet, and were about to fire, when, with her arms extended at full length before her, her young breast heaving as if about to burst its bounds, and her head thrown back and half turned, as if still listening to the baying of the hounds in her tracks, she came within the light of the fire, and, with one wild, despairing cry, fell moaning and sobbing, like a stricken deer, at the feet of the officer in command.

In the old Mexican days he had followed Scott over more than one field, and since then he had looked along the western coast upon many heart-rending scenes between the white and the red; but his heart was still young though his hair was gray, and as he raised her in his arms, and saw the young face damp with the drops of agony and blood, to his honor, be it said, sobs were in the gruff old voice, and his eyes were d'm with hardly-repressed, and but half-concealed tears.

Blankets were spread near the camp-fire, and tenderly, almost reverently, he covered the trembling young form with his torn blue coat, and throughout the night he watched by her side, and throughout that night among the grand old trees was heard the wails and moans of the poor mountain child.

The next day she was taken to the reservation, and runners were sent to her tribe.

But before they came back the hawk was on the wing.

Her youthful charms had conquered her lawless despoiler, and led on by a love which he could not resist, he stole one night upon the Yuka women, upon the old Horne Outt, and before the alarm could be given, he had straddled his horse, with Un-wa in his arms.

But word came at last to the old officer in command of the little frontier post near at hand.

In the saddle and away, with his men at his side, on the track of the hawk and his prey throught the night, with teeth hard set, and grey hairs flying upon the breeze.

Closer, still closer, and the old arm was raised.

But the time had not come, though the man was there, and throwing the half-dead girl from his saddle, the ravisher escaped into the dark night.

For weeks and for months, in the mountains and in valleys, sometimes among friends, oftener among foes, he wandered in search of her he could not find.

Sleeping at night in the hollow of trees, under the shelter of rocks, brooding upon the memory of his lost love until daylight appeared, then onward again to his fate.

One evening just before sunset weary and almost famished, he came upon a large party of Wylackies under their great chief, who had camped in a small cove at the foot of the mountain which to this day is known by his name, and asked them for food.

They were about to provide for his wants, when Un-wa appeared, and, at sight of him, sprang trembling to her father's side.

He was recognized, and the Wylackies were around him.

He knew no law, but fear was also a stranger to his heart.

His last hour had come.

He knew how to die.

Bounding to his feet, he drew his revolver, and every barrel told.

Empty, he threw it in their faces, and clubbing his rifle, struck right and left, crushing with a dull thud through the brains of his foes.

On his knees at last bleeding and faint, but dauntless as ever, his eyes never flinched, his heart never quailed.

He deserved to live?

But numbers were against him, and succumbing for the last time, pinioned hand and foot, he was tied to the stake.

He knew no death song.

He only knew the love that brought him to his death, and to the last he gazed upon her face.

Un-wa had never heard of the teachings of Christianity, and yet she knew its grandest, best lesson—forgiveness unto thine enemy.

Perhaps the wild flowers had taught it to her, with the whispers of the wind sighing among the pines in her dear old mountains.

From chief to braves, from braves to chief, with clasped hands and eyes swimming in tears, she ran; but as vain as the struggles of the red fawn had been among the white clover, as vain were her entreaties and her prayers, and the death dance of the Wylackies began.

The morning sun rose upon a deserted camp.

The wild flowers bloomed as sweet, and the song of forest birds was as cheerful as before; but its first rays rested upon still glowing embers, and the charred remains of human feet and hands.

And all over the land, for many, many moons, was told the story of Un-wa's escape, and how Bland met his fate.

* * * * * * *

On the margin of a small mountain stream in the old home of the Wylackies, beyond the North Eel, some thirty miles from Camp Wright, stands a little log cabin, nestling under the sheltering branches of a grove of oak trees.

It is as difficult of access as it is unpretending in appearence, for the trail lead to it is narrow and steep; but should the army officer come upon it in scouting, his pains in reaching it will be more than repaid in the pleasure his coming will give to the inmates of the little mountain home, and in the true hospitality he will receive from them.

The joyous shouts of dusky little children will herald his approach, and he will be met at the door with glad smiles and extended hands, by a woman in whose sweet, nut-brown face the traces of a once great beauty still linger, though her coal-black hiar is already thickly streaked with grey.

The longer he tarries beneath the humble roof, the more the simple hearts it shelters will be pleased; the children will gather without fear at his knee, and look up in his face with wondering but loving eyes, for Un-wa has taught them to love the blue-clad soldier for sake of the white chief who once helped their mother in her need.

◆

THE LAST CENTURY GIRL.—George Washington was great and good, as everybody knows, but he had his little vexations, nevertheless.

In a recent number of a magazine is a letter written by him concerning Harriet Washington, a young girl who has been living in his family and whom he is sending to his sister. "Harriet has sense enough," he says, "but no disposition to industry, nor to be careful of her clothes," and special stress is laid upon the necessity of directing her "in the use and application" of things to wear—"for without this," he adds "they will be debated about in every hole and corner, and her best things always in use." The average girl of Washington's day seems to have been more or less human after the manner of girls in all ages.

◆

NO MUSIC.—A Western settler who supposed that he had musical tastes went to the nearest township and purchased a music stool, taking it home with him in his trap. In the course of a few days, however, he brought it back and demanded restitution of the money paid, as the stool was no good—no good at all. The seller examined it, and said that it was in perfect order, and the screw all right, and; therefore that it should not be thrown back on his hands. "Well" said the settler, "I took it home careful, as you could see for yourself; and I gave it a turn, and the missus she gave it a turn, and every one of the children gave it a turn, but never a tune could one of us screw out of it. It's no more a music-stool than the four-legged washing-stool the missus sets her tub on!"

◆

TRY what forgiveness will do before you resort to punishment.

◆

Ayer's Pills are pleasant, safe, and sure, and excell all other pills in healing and curative qualities. They are the best of all purgatives for family use.

NIGHT.

BY ROBERT A. NELSON.

O gentle Night! O thought-inspiring Night!
  Humbly I bow before thy sovereign power;
Sadly I own thy all-unequalled might
  To calm weak mortal in his darkest hour:
Spreading thy robe o'er all the mass of care,
Thou bidd'st the sorrowful no more despair.

When high in heaven thou bidd'st thy torches shine,
  Casting on earth a holy, peaceful light,
My heart adores thee in thy calm divine,
  Soothed by thee, O hope-inspiring Night!
All anxious thoughts, all evil bodings fly:
My soul doth rest, since thou, O Night! art nigh.

When thou hast cast o'er all the sleeping land
  The darkened robe, thy symbol of thy state,
Alone 'neath heaven's mightiness I stand,
  Musing on life, eternity, and fate:
Mayhap with concentrated thought I try
To pierce the cloud of heaven's great mystery.

Friends, kindly faces crowd around me there,
  Friends loved the better since they passed away,
Leaving a legacy of wild despair—
  And now I see them as in full orb'd day,
The long-lamented once again descry,
Bask in each smile, gaze in each speaking eye.

O blest reunion, Night's almighty gift,
  Lent for a time unto the thoughtful mind;
When memory can o'er the clouds uplift
  The startled soul away from all mankind,
Throw wide eternity's majestic gate,
And grant a view of the immortal state.

And thou, O Night! who can'st these spirits raise,
  Giv'st immortality to mortal eyes,
To thee I tune mine unadorned praise,
  And chant thy glories to the list'ning skies:
Waft, O ye winds! the floating notes along;
Ye woods and mountains, echo back the song.

FAMILIAR CHARACTERS.

ONE night, a large party in a pleasant country-house, were whiling away the time with various games with pencils and paper.

These games were mere pretences for laughter and chatter, and one pastime that served its purpose best, was the device of drawing portraits of historical personages, with closed eyes—a plan which has, I fancy been successfully carried out by other and far more eminent historians.

When the noise and merriment had subsided, and everyone had retired to bed or to the smoking-room, as the case might be, I sat lazily by the fire, thinking over characters familiar to us all.

Who does not know the Frog which would a-wooing go, whether his mother would let him or no? And who has not seen the poor infatuated young lover afterwards caught by the artful Lillywhite Duck?

As to the Old Woman who lives in a Shoe, and has so many children she doesn't know what to do,—I may say that personally I am related to her.

But I must state with regret that I know of no newly-married couple whose happiness is at all comparable to that of the Owl and Pussy Cat, who "live upon mince, and slices of quince, which they eat with a runcible spoon," and who hand in hand on the yellow sand, dance by the light of the moon.

This has always been my happiest ideal of married bliss; a thing to be dreamt of, but never to be seen.

Yet among the many beautiful characters that occur to me, the one that impresses me the most is that of "Miss Jane Baxter, who refused all the men before they axed her." History repeats itself; and it has been my fortune to meet her.

She was remarkably plain, but yet with the delusion that so many plain people entertain, and which is to me so touching, and such a happy dispensation of nature, she believed herself to be strikingly handsome.

As to the Old woman who lived on nothing but victuals and drink, and who, in spite of this unusual circumstance, could never keep quiet, I imagine that most villages possess her fellow.

I never see a baby reduce to the pitiable position of Dowager Baby, without being reminded of the character of the little pig in the nursery rhyme who did *not* go to market, who did *not* have bread and butter, and who finally,—his feeling being too much for him—cried, Wee, wee, wee all the way home.

The poor Dowager Baby, once the adored tyrant of the nursery, falls very suddenly from his high estate, and becomes nothing more than the bereaved and deserted pig, whose touching fate is so skilfully contrasted in the rhyme with that of his happy rival. Such is life.

How many of us, I wonder, have seen the boy who cried for the moon? I fancy every one has gone through a time of some such useless tribulation.

What is it that makes that which is beyond our reach so exquisitely enchanting? I am not ashamed to say that I myself have cried very bitterly for many moons—moons which I know could have been of no service to me. Yet I cannot confidently assert that I shall not be crying to-morrow for some equally useless new moon.

For a tiresome thing in life is that the same event never happens twice to the same person, and that the experience, which, like everything else in this world one has had to pay for, is of no use to one's friends, who prefer (as indeed one did oneself) finding out that fire burns, by the simple method of putting their fingers in the flame.

Finally there rose up to my mind among these well-known characters, the name of that will o' the wisp, that demon who cheers and beautifies, and meddles and mars so many things in this world—the little word "if." There is an "if" in every life.

Most people can remember, when, as boys or girls, they bent over dull tasks on hot summer afternoons, how the drone of their companions voices died away in their ears, how the words in the open book before them became a mist and an emptiness, and how a beautiful fairy "if" came gliding down to visit them.

Those were very hopeful "ifs" in those days; "if only I were grown up!" we used to say then, just as now we sigh, "if only I were young again!" For there is many a sad "if" later on in life.

"If I might only see that dear face once more;" "if I could only say one kind word;" "if I could but bring the dear old times back again;" "if only the dead could find out when to come back and be forgiven."

Poor, vain words!

For the grass is growing green above the sweet face that will never smile on us again; the opportunities for the kindly word or deed were lost long ago; the dear old times have departed; and no cries or sobs of ours can break the stillness of the dead who once waited so long in loving penitence, hoping to hear the sound of our voice, or the fall of our footstep, that they might learn from our lips that they were forgiven. A. F.

Grains of Gold.

Denying a fault doubles it.

Prejudice is the reason of fools.

One story is good till another's told.

Health is the vital principle of bliss.

Faith is a higher faculty than reason.

Times is the rider that breaks youth.

Step after step the ladder is ascended.

Ask thy purse what thou shouldst buy.

Diffidence is the right eye of prudence.

A merry heart makes a blooming visage.

A charitable man is the true lover of God.

Where the will is ready the feet are light.

A candle lights others and consumes itself.

A word and a stone let go can not be called back.

If we build high, let us begin low and deep.

What is duty? It is what we exact of others.

Far better that the feet slip than the tongue.

Discretion of speech is more than eloquence.

Youth looks at the possible, age at the probable.

He who revealeth his secret, maketh himself a slave.

Be deaf to the quarrelsome, and dumb to the inquisitive.

Seek not to please the world, but your own conscience.

A bridle for the tongue is a necessary piece of furniture.

Defaming or slandering others is the greatest of all sins.

No man envies the merit of another who has enough of his own.

Keep to the right, the law directs; keep from the world thy friends' defects.

The most censorious are generally the least judicious, who, having nothing to recommend themselves.

There are some persons more solicitous about the preservation of rank than those who have no rank at all.

Good nature and evenness of temper will give you an easy companion for life; virtue and good sense an agreeable friend; love and constancy a good wife or husband.

Femininities.

The meanest woman on earth is a flirt.

The best hand to hold in the game of life is that of your best girl.

Women, more sensitive and sentimental than men, live on words and acts of affection.

Why is Hymen represented with a torch? To throw a light on those little imperfections Love is blind to.

It is all folly to say that Love is blind. A fellow in love is very quick to detect if his girl smiles at the other chap.

We often censure the conduct of others when, under the circumstances we might not have acted half so well.

Let a lady take the degree of A. B.—that is, a bride—and she may hope in due time to be entitled to that of M. A.

Dr. Watts is said to have written one of his sweetest hymns after being refused by a woman. She couldn't have been an heiress.

A young lady of Muncie, Ind., has just reached home from a "trip around the world," which she made safely without an escort.

A Georgia man compels his daughter to eat onions every night for supper, and at 10 p. m. that household is sleeping peacefully.

A Titusvillain says before he was married he thought his wife was "a thing of beauty," and now he knows she is a "jaw forever."

"For a young woman to begin to pick lint off a young man's coat-collar," is said to be the first symptom that the young man is in peril.

An observing man has discovered a similarity between a young ladies' seminary and a sugar-factory, as both refines what is already sweet.

A cheerful, happy temper keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, excludes each gloomy prospect, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

The last case of modesty is that of a lady who discarded her lover—a sea-captain—because, in speaking of one of his voyages, he said he hugged the shore.

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Parvenu; "no, I don't think she's a fine-looking woman at all. She may have nice eyes, but, mercy on me, she's got no physic!"

Young man, you cannot succeed in inveigling a young woman into giving her age by casually remarking that it is your birthday. The trick has been tried.

In the Mountains—Arabella (whose soul is wrapped in science): "Charles, isn't this gneiss?" Charles (who is deeply interested in Arabella): "Nice! It's delicious!"

The Empress of Austria, who is considered the most beautiful of royal women, sets type with a grace and skill which characterizes an intelligent compositor.

A little girl was trying to tell her mother how beautifully a certain lady could trill in singing, and said: "Oh, ma, you ought to hear her gargle—she does it so sweetly."

A young woman who is in deep mourning, complains bitterly of the brilliant hue of the postage-stamps which she is obliged to put on her heavily-bordered envelope.

A Western man seeks a divorce on the ground that his wife makes bad coffee. Although he seems to have grounds enough for his action, an effort ought to be made to settle it.

A gratified Scotch husband advertises with proud ostentation, in the newspapers, that his wife has had triplets, and is now the mother of seven children after five years of matrimony.

The girls of Arabia are said to be inexpressibly beautiful up to the age of sixteen. But too bright, too beautiful to last, they soon change to the ugliest specimens of humanity on record.

An American poet has written some verses entitled, "An Angel in the House." No doubt he thinks so now, but let him wait three or four years, and see if he doesn't make a mental revision of that poem.

A dozen dozens of stockings of every kind is considered the proper number for any Austrian bride's trousseau. These are for the most part hand-knitted, and some of them are as fine as the finest woven ones.

A Cleveland sewing-machine agent (white) has run away with a whitewasher's (colored) wife. The woman in the case is pretty, and betwixt the color of cream and lemons. The naughty Lothario is 65 years old.

The catch of seals this year has been larger than ever before, and the girl who didn't get a sealskin coat last winter may look hopefully forward to the next, when, it is expected, they may be bought for half the price.

In Siam the women are agitating the question of their rights. They have gone so far as to petition the king that their husbands shall not pledge them for gambling debts. It is not considered probable that the king will grant such a preposterous request.

Japanese widows signify their readiness to marry again by the manner in which they dress their hair. Banged, it means: Come on—plenty of broom drill; frizzed: You may marry me, but I will flirt; combed plain: I'll try to be real good, but you mustn't expect me to cook.

A Woodhaven, N. Y., hotel-keeper, who has just been sued for breach of promise of marriage, puts in the extraordinary defence that the plaintiff deceived him by telling him that she was 29 years of age, whereas she is only 23. He avers that, being a middle-aged man, he wanted a wife of corresponding years.

A young gentleman took his sister, a wee miss, the other day to see a family in which he was a regular caller. The little girl made herself quite at home, and exhibited great fondness for one of the young ladies, hugging her heartily. "How very affectionate she is," said the lady of the house. "Yes, just like her brother," responded the young lady unthinkingly.

News Notes.

Queen Victoria dines at 8.45 in the evening.

Hothouse peaches are bringing 75 cents each.

In England they have 114 varieties of peas for planting.

There are 5,000 homeless and destitute children in Chicago.

Three-fourths of the officers in the German army wear corsets.

Over $1,000,000 is paid annually in salaries to baseball players.

Ireland's population is now 5,100,000—3,000,000 less than in 1841.

In California, last year, 880,000 pounds of salt were extracted from sea-water.

It is estimated that 7,000,000 base balls will be used during the coming season.

The Bank of England has just opened an eating and reading-room for its clerks.

A Frenchman has invented a new kind of sewing-machine that winds up like a clock.

The State railways of Germany are experimenting with American paper car-wheels.

A circus in the West advertises "the only coal-black sacred elephant ever seen in captivity."

"The Sagacity and Morality of Plants," is the title of a volume which has just appeared in London.

Texas makes highway robbery punishable by an imprisonment of not less than ten years.

There is said to be a movement on foot to start a company for the manufacture of "crazy quilts."

Craig county, Va., has a citizen who is 94 years old, but only 30 pounds in weight, and of a boy's stature.

Drinking-water was reported to be fetching five cents for each two buckets full, at Key West, recently.

A Paris lady of 20 has been in a cataleptic state for nine months, showing no sign of life except respiration.

Michigan is credited with raising one-half of the total supply of peppermint, or about 75,000 pounds a year.

The calico and print goods made in Lowell in 1883 would twice encircle the earth, and some would still be left.

A Kansas woman has died from blood poisoning, received by wearing a green veil over a scratch on her face.

An English surgeon, Dr. Wright, says that in certain wall papers there may be fifty grains of arsenic to the square foot.

A citizen of Butte county, Cal., has been rendered temporarily blind by using a toothpick made from the twig of a poison oak.

"Boiler Empty and Engineer Full," is the way a New York paper tells the whole story of an explosion disaster in a single line.

An enthusiastic reporter once wrote of Dr. Newman Hall, that "he had delivered the finest prayer ever addressed to a congregation."

An old bachelor died at East Alburgh, Vt., the other day, and $60,000 in bonds, notes and certificates were found in the linings of his clothes.

Last summer over 50,000 people crossed the Atlantic to Europe. This year, however, it is not expected that more than 40,000 will go abroad.

Certain classes of murder in Japan are punishable by the death of not only the murderer himself, but all his family and his schoolmaster.

In a bean-eating tournament in Lockport, N. Y., recently, Mr. Fred Baker carried off the prize by eating six pounds of baked beans in 40 minutes.

Military authorities say that 1,000 of the best English soldiers with the improved arms can do ten times the execution that was done twenty years ago.

A gas well of extraordinary volume has been struck at a depth of 1287 feet, near Wellsburg, W. Va. It has been fired, and the light can be seen for 20 miles.

An agent of one of the ocean steamship companies predicts that steerage passengers will be able to cross the Atlantic for $10 or $12 before another year passes.

Barbara Frietchie's clock is said to be in existence yet, with its hands fixed at 10 o'clock, the hour at which its pendulum was shot away by a soldier's bullet.

Indian story-tellers very often give their narrations entirely in sign language, and the laughter of their hearers will often be the only audible sound for an hour.

Great numbers of bats recently took possession of a church in Solano, Cal., and so thick and aggressive did they become that the service was necessarily postponed.

A few days ago the Washington Monument had reached a height of 410 feet. The total height of the shaft will be 555 feet, which will make it the highest monument in the world.

The steamer Oregon, which arrived in New York April 18, made the voyage across the Atlantic in the shortest time on record—six days and ten hours. Her average speed was 430 miles per day.

As an experiment, the Canton of Glarus, Switzerland, a few years ago abolished capital punishment. It has not proved satisfactory, and the Government has decided by a large majority to re-introduce it.

While on the march to the place of execution, an English soldier, recently sentenced to death, complained of the man in front of him for not keeping step to the music. He said it made him sick to see a soldier marching out of time.

THE GYPSY RACE.

THE gypsy is unquestionably a Hindoo, says one who knows them well. The European gypsies of to-day have retained much of their race characteristics. But they are amalgamating more or less with other races.

They thrive better in America than elsewhere.

In England the passage of the enclosure act virtually abolished all commons; and so the gypsy has now no place to pitch his tent, unless he becomes a trespasser.

The fact is that the great increase of population there of 26,000,000 of people in that small country necessarily put a stop to gypsy encampments.

Now very many live in cities during the winter season.

In summer they resume their nomadic career.

"Their avocation for the most part is horse trading and fortune-telling.

"They have the reputation of stealing horses.

"They don't deserve it. I regard the gypsy as a much more honest character than many Christian folks of a superior standing and higher culture.

"Many people think they steal household articles.

"I am sure they don't. Why, if an article is missed within five miles of a gypsy tent, the entire neighborhood for miles around makes a raid on the tent.

"If they ever did steal, this would prevent it.

"Besides, there is no need. All gypsies are rich.

"The men are very shrewd horse-traders, and they can earn considerable money at the business.

"The women always find superstitious persons from whom to extract money for telling their fortunes.

"Their habits are economical, and their modes of life very inexpensive.

"The gypsy never cares about personal surroundings.

"Even the old taste for fancy costumes is disappearing, if it has not entirely disappeared.

"How many gypsies there are I cannot say.

"I was only able to trace about one hundred family names in England. Most of those have representatives in America. There are a few Spanish gypsies here also, but the great bulk are English stock. Most of the older folks in America now were born in England.

"Only the younger generations are natives.

"The Scotch gypsies are of a higher class, but they are not numerous now. Irish gypsies? Yes, there are some few.

"The religion of the gypsy was pure atheism.

"They are the only absolute atheists I ever met.

"But now, however, in England, they are beginning to practice formal religion. Some of them have the babies baptized, and others affect legal marriage. With this change may come a love of civilized and cultured pursuits.

"As far as I can trace, no gypsy has risen in literature, art or science.

"However, if he should, it would be difficult to prove, for pride would hide the origin.

"It is said that Daniel Webster and Hannibal Hamlin were of gypsy descent.

"I do not believe the assertion has good foundation.

"President Lincoln certainly did look like a gypsy, and yet I know no reason to assert that he sprung from these strange people.

"With these amalgamations with the Gentiles comes also a desire to settle down.

"There are the Coopers in Boston and the Harrisons in Washington; they are rich, and, as far as I know, they never go on the road.

"I know a few other families that have given up tent life, and who now permanently reside in houses."

* * *

STAYS.—Women who are not obliged to keep themselves in condition by work, says a writer in a contemporary, lose after middle age—sometimes earlier—a considerable amount of their height, not by stooping, as men do, but by actual collapse, sinking down, mainly to be attributed to the perishing of the muscles that support the frame, in consequence of habitual and constant pressure of stays and dependence upon the artificial support by them afforded. Every girl who wears stays that press upon these muscles and restrict the free development of the fibres that form them, relieving them from their natural duties of supporting the spine, indeed incapacitating them from so doing, may feel sure she is preparing herself to be a dumpy woman.

* * *

DYNAMITE SET TO MUSIC.—The pupils of the Chinese school in New York gave an entertainment in English lately and it had some musical features of which a discriminating critic says: "But the feature of the occasion was the Chinese band. The first piece was a war song. It began like a series of dynamite explosions, the detonations and shrieks of the wounded being vividly rendered by enormous cymbals and a shrill fife. The finale was like a boiler factory. The second piece was a hymn to the stars. The Chinese enjoyed the music greatly, and the Christians got as far away from the cymbals as they could. After the entertainment the Chinese people helped their guests to supper."

COMPARATIVELY SPEAKING.

As wet as a fish, as dry as a bone;
As live as a bird, as dead as a stone;
As plump as a partridge, as poor as a rat;
As strong as a horse, as weak as a cat;
As hard as a flint, as soft as a mole;
As white as a lily, as black as a coal;
As plain as a pikestaff, as rough as a bear;
As tight as a drum, as free as the air;
As heavy as lead, as light as a feather;
As steady as time, uncertain as weather;
As hot as an oven, as cold as a frog;
As gay as a lark, as sick as a dog;
As slow as a tortoise, as swift as the wind;
As true as the Gospel, as false as mankind;
As thin as a herring, as fat as a pig;
As proud as a peacock, as blithe as a grig;
As savage as tigers, as mild as a dove;
As stiff as a poker, as limp as a glove;
As blind as a bat, as deaf as a post,
As cool as a cucumber, as warm as a toast;
As flat as a flounder, as round as a ball;
As blunt as a hammer, as sharp as an awl;
As red as a ferret, as safe as the stocks;
As bold as a thief, as sly as a fox;
As straight as an arrow, as crook'd as a bow;
As yellow as saffron, as black as a sloe;
As brittle as glass, as tough as a gristle;
As neat as my nail, as clean as a whistle;
As good as a feast, as bad as a witch;
As light as is day, as dark as is pitch;
As brisk as a bee, as dull as an ass;
As full as a tick, as solid as brass;
As lean as a greyhound, as rich as a Jew;
And ten thousand similes equally *new*.

—S. T. OLEN.

* * *

Humorous.

Prickly pairs—The average husband and wife.

What was the first bet ever made? The alphabet.

Business that never thrives—The stationery business.

"Time makes all things even," except odd numbers.

Which British poet could never be a civilized man? Savage.

What kind of clothes should a gymnast wear? Spring clothes.

What is the first thing we find either in town or country? Dust.

Why is the letter y like a spendthrift? Because it makes pa pay.

Why is the letter d like a squealing baby? Because it makes ma mad.

When may a ship at sea be said not to be on water? When she is on fire.

When a man goes to the hairdresser's in warm weather, he takes a short cut.

In what way would you operate to make an army fly? By breaking its wings.

Some of the girls are thinking of green grass and warm sunshine to come. It is a for lawn hope.

Never kick a man when he is down. It is cowardly. Never kick a man when he is up. It is reckless.

It is somewhat paradoxical that the man who does the least talking in Congress is called the Speaker.

Why are persons who are abrupt in speech, not so sharp as they should be? Because they are blunt.

It is strange that some one did not disperse the mob in Cincinnati by proposing to take up a collection.

Water about the heart, and other forms of Heart Disease cured by Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. Price $1.

Why is a washerwoman like a navigator? Because she spreads her sheets, crosses the line, and goes from pole to pole.

* * *

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Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 193 West Springfield Street, Boston, Mass.

* * *

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

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Specific No. 28
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OIL AND LIME.

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The Great Blood Purifier.
FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.
SCROFULOUS OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swelling, Tumors, Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout Dropsy, Bronchitis, Consumption.

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SKIN DISEASES,
ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE AND BODY, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, SALT RHEUM, OLD SORES, ULCERS, **Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent** excels all remedial agents. It purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor; clear skin and beautiful complexion secured to all.

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Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy or mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and where there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

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RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.
COUGHS, COLDS, INFLAMMATIONS, FEVER AND AGUE CURED AND PREVENTED.
DR. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
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RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES
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IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS,
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For headache, whether sick or nervous, toothache, neuralgia, nervousness and sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine, or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.. Price, 50 cents.

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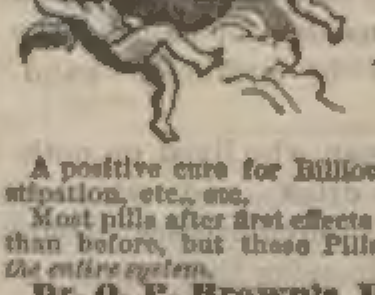

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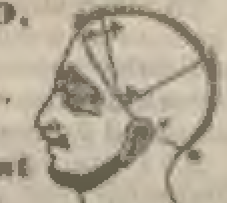

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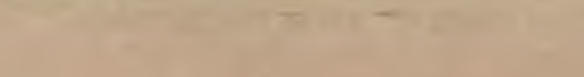

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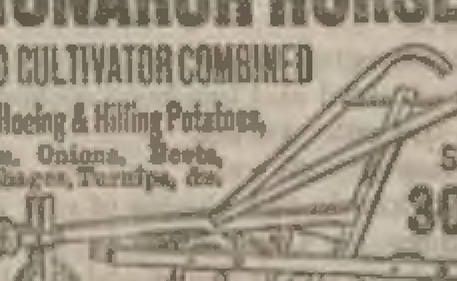

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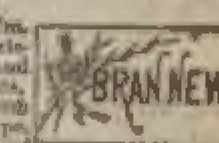

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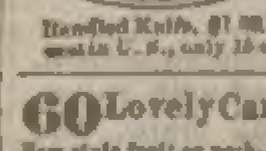

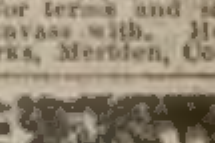

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FASHION CHAT.

THE popular costumes for outdoor wear are a combination of shot silk and either fine woollen to match in color, embossed terry velvet, or plain velvet.

For morning wear tailor-made cloth or serge costumes are considered the best taste, and they are universally worn for travelling.

But the days of this severe style of dress are numbered, at least with the elegantes who lead our fashions.

"Tailor-make" is to give place to the dress maker's who elaborate style.

During the last few days draped polonaises, with full bib plastrons, have been worn; and if a mantle has been adopted, it has been a small visite mantelet, literally covered with jet, chenille, lace, and embroidery.

Some of the new woollens are very quaint, as the designs are woven in imitation of cross-stitch.

There are rough bison cloths, smooth albatross woollens, and a variety of canvas-like fabrics, covered with small detached figures in sunken cross stitches; while others have raised boucle figures, such as large arabesques, birds, &c.

The designs are in gay colors, but the backgrounds are in soft shades, now called "Suede," in panama, the color of straw, and in "champignone"—the pinkish shade of mushrooms.

Then there are the "grandmere" fabrics, that copy to perfection in their weaving the stitches of quilting.

The cashmeres are exquisitely fine and bright this season; the three popular colors in them are Suede, pale blue, and cream, and the new way of using them is as linings to transparent embroideries on cream net representing lace.

Skirts made thus are exquisitely soft and pretty, the bodice and draperies being composed of plain cashmere.

For evening wear crape dresses are in favor, mounted on satin or faille to match. At the opera black gauze and black lace dress are much in vogue, made with half high bodices.

Diamonds are worn as chains fastened on the left shoulder and falling in the centre of the bodice in enormous pendeloques; wide ribbons of either red moire or satin are arranged on bandouliere or shoulder belt, and ornamented with gold arrows and diamonds.

Pearls also are worn in long torsades encircling the shoulders, carried underneath the arms to be fastened at the back.

Round the throat there is a dog-collar of red or black velvet studded with diamonds.

The hair with evening toilettes is worn quite at the top of the head, and with feather aigrettes at the side.

The Suede gloves are often trimmed with lace; the favorite shade is now the mushroom, the dark shade called "roux" having quite disappeared.

The bonnets to be seen at evening concerts and theatres are made of tulle—red, white, sulphur, and blue—the brim being bouillonne velvet, and the trimmings light aigrettes and delicate flowers.

Day bonnets are of embroidered crepon, gold twine, lace embroidered with colors, and lined with silk, China crape, and straws of the new panama and mushroom shades.

Coquelicot, or poppy-red, is a favorite color for trimming.

A quantity of narrow velvet ribbon, made as rosettes and pompon clusters, is used by Paris milliners; and an effective lace called guipure de Genes, and looking like thick, embroidery, is on many new bonnets.

Gilt flourishes in laces, in wide braids, in wheat, and in ornamental pins and clasps.

Huge butterflies, both in gilt and jet, are used by many of our leading milliners.

Grey which was the dominant color throughout the winter, is giving place to beige for spring wear.

Hussar blue is also a favorite color and is more seen at present than navy blue; very stylish costumes are being made entirely of blue or green cloth trimmed with ivory cloth; they are to be worn with no mantle whatever, and the corsage is therefore made in the casaque form, open over a full plastron which is cut in one with the pleated tablier. There is perhaps no style more becoming to the figure than this, the plastron being less voluminous, and disguising the figure less than the long popular Fedora plastrons, which are now demode among the ultra-fashionables.

Redingotes are in very great favor, and many polonaises are made in the redingote style, edged with plush or velvet.

Redingote robings, open in front, nearly conceal the skirt, and above there is a small vertugadin puff; the back drapery partly conceals this puff and forms two redingote robings towards the back, these are very full in the centre where they are guaged to the corsage.

An exquisite model in this style is of brown cloth edged with grey marabout; the skirt is of brown broche, quite plain, and is very little seen from the length of the redingote; each robing is edged with marabout, and the vertugadin puff and back drapery are guaged at the corsage: a band of marabout trims the front of the corsage and encircles the neck.

Plush polerines are much worn this spring, the two long ends in front are doubled under to form a muff; they are usually lined with satin.

Others are made merely like a large cape, reaching below the waist and fastened with a bow or clasp in front.

Long broche manties can still be worn but are less in vogue; the edges are trimmed with marabout, with chenille fringe or with plush.

Many ladies are in the habit of always wearing long vetements, as short demi-confections do not suit heir figures; when long manties are out of season they adopt the walking costume with an open casaque or long redingote polonaise; both are suited for spring wear.

Broche is not a durable fabric, but if it lasts the mantle can be again worn at the close of the summer, as the long plain style of mantle is quite sure to reappear in the autumn.

Except as light dust cloaks or as travelling manties, long vetements are too heavy to be worn in the summer.

Although the color grey has given place, to a great extent, to beige, it has been too popular to be entirely put aside, and, when combined with other colors, it is, and will remain, very popular for evening dresses. In London, grey will perforce be a fashionable color, for the death in the royal family has plunged the English aristocracy in mourning.

Unless the tie of relationship is close, mourning is soon thrown aside or turned into half mourning, but still the half-mourning combination of grey and black will be very frequently seen at this season's drawing-rooms, and black toilettes richly embroidered with jet will be by no means scarce.

A magnificent evening toilette, if of satin and velvet of gray moire.

The straight moire skirt falls over four flounces of black satin; the moire is richly embroidered with flowers in shaded grey silks.

Two basque robings of black velvet fall on each side, richly embroidered with very fine silver cord, representing on each basque or robing a sun and two stars, from the centre of which fall glittering silver pendants.

The train falls in rich pleats from the waist, and is of embroidered black velvet lined with grey satin.

The low-necked corsage is of velvet, with a grey moire plastron embroidered like the skirt.

The toilette owning to its originality has been much admired and has been copied in grey moire and ruby velvet.

In this case the flowers on the grey moire are worked in two shades of red, and the embroidery on the velvet is worked with fine cord of various colors—blue, pink, yellow, white and, gold; the pendants are gold and silver.

Glass beads to match the cord are sewn on each, and the effect is therefore as if the embroidery were worked in precious stones, and gives quite an air of Oriental splendor to the costume.

Of course such a toilette suits neither all tastes nor all purses, but some ideas can always be taken from original costumes, even if the whole effect is too fanciful.

Fireside Chat.

CLEANING AND WASHING.

WHILE the art of cleaning dresses, and rendering them nearly as good as new, has greatly advanced amongst professionals it has deteriorated in proportion in private houses, and in many of these, where there are young people especially, the cost of sending the soiled dresses out renders it quite a hopeless proceeding, which could not be thought of more than once at the most.

One of the benefits of sending to a cleaner's is that the dress does not need unpicking, but can be cleaned as a whole.

However, if there be clever and willing workers, a little change in the form of dresses adds pleasure to the wearers, and amusement in remaking at home.

The first thing in remaking or washing silk or woollen dresses is to unpick them carefully, brush out the dust, and take out the threads.

The next thing is to ascertain if there be any grease spots or stains to be treated, and to decide what to do with them, and the last, and perhaps the most important, is to form a plan for altering or remaking the dress, either by adding new material, or by making up in smaller compass—the long trained skirt and polonaise into a short skirt and pointed bodice, or turning the skirt and making an entirely new bodice. Having decided these points, which it is well to do at once, then we shall know how much or little to clean, and whether the bodice needs unpicking or not.

In any case we shall, if we be wise, have new linings, if not for the skirt, certainly for the bodice.

This will double the value and add much to the comfort of our dress.

All wool and silk and woollen materials of any color can be washed and done up to look well, with care.

Borax water, in the proportion of half a teaspoonful to a quart of water, is used for washing them, to which should be added ten drops of oxgall to the gallon.

Ammonia is an excellent thing also for washing these things, as a tablespoonful added to a gallon of water renders it so soft that very little or almost no soap is needed. These woollen and silk and wool materials when washed should be folded up in towels while damp, and ironed with a cloth placed between them and the iron.

It is hardly needful to say that materials that have a right and a wrong side—twilled on one side, for instance, and not on the other—should be ironed on the wrong side, and in any case great care should be taken to avoid producing a shiny appearance with the iron, and the use of too hot an iron is sure to spoil the look of the mixed textile.

A French way of washing both silk and woollen materials is to boil some ivy leaves in water for about an hour, to make a moderately strong mixture.

Wash the dress in it without soap when tepid; then rinse it in clean water and press while wet.

For black silk this decoction must be used with a sponge, and the silk must not be ironed.

The following are both said to make old cashmere, or rusty black alpacas, cords, or veiling, look like new.

Put two tablespoonfuls of copperas crystals, and two of extract of logwood, into four gallons of strong soapsuds, when just at the boiling point, and put all the pieces of black stuff in the mixture, boiling them for five minutes, and turning them round with a large stick.

Then take them out, hang them up to drip dry, and when half dry pull them straight, and iron with a good iron on the wrong side.

To wash slate-colored, gray drab, or mastic-colored woollen materials, an American authority recommends rather strong tea, for which the cold tea and tea leaves may be saved for some days.

Add enough boiling water to this to make up four gallons, strain the mixture, and break two eggs into it when just lukewarm; stir well, wash the material through it then hang it up to drip dry, and iron and put straight when half dry.

Blue cashmere may be cleaned in this preparation by adding a handful of salt; and green by the addition of a teacupful of vinegar.

Coffee used in the same way is a good cleaner for brown materials.

Ammonia is valuable for all dark colored materials, but not for those of lavender, violet, nor French gray.

The following is the process invented by a Mr. Morris, for which the Society of Arts some years ago gave a prize of fifteen guineas.

It is said to cleanse silk, woollen and cotton goods without injury to either color or texture.

Grate raw potatoes, after being peeled and washed, over a vessel of clean water, to a fine pulp.

Pass the liquid through a coarse sieve into another tub of clean water, and let the mixture stand till all the fine white particles of the potatoes are precipitated.

Then pour the mucilaginous liquor for use.

The articles to be cleaned should then be laid upon a clean linen cloth, on a table, and rubbed with the liquor till the dirt has all come out.

Then wash them in clean water, to remove the loose dirt, and proceed to dry and mangle.

Two medium seized potatoes are enough for a pint of water, and the coarse pulp that does not pass through the sieve is excellent for cleaning curtains, carpets, and other thick goods.

The recipes for cleaning, washing, and reviving silks are numberless, and, strange to say, each one has its admirers and followers, who consider it perfect.

One of the best that I know of was given me a few days ago by a working dressmaker, who has always excited my wonder by the clever way she does up aged and middle-aged satins, merveilleux and silks in general, without unpicking the skirts. Her mixture consists of a tablespoonful of vinegar to one of water, and a few drops of ammonia added to that, and applied with a piece of old black silk, or a sponge.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Two bed-room consumptives, lying in different wards in a New York hospital, have sued for divorce.

Correspondence.

EVE.—The lines are Sir Walter Scott's:—

"She charmed at once, and tamed the heart,
Incomparable Britomart."

ANXIOUS.—There is no royal road to learning. If you wish to be able to sing correctly to music, you must go through the ordinary course; you have surely some spare hours in the course of a week that could be devoted to learning music.

RESARTUS.—The matter is one for the parents to decide. They of course know all the facts. Having spoken out faithfully, according to your convictions, to both parties, leave the business to be settled by others. It is not for you to decide the course to be taken.

B. B.—The first American voyage around the world was made in 1790, by Capt. Gray, of Boston, who sailed to the Pacific coast in the ship Columbia, and having there obtained a cargo of furs, he returned home by way of the Cape of Good Hope. The voyage occupied three years.

JEAN.—Marry the "fussy and particular man of forty." He can buy all the meat the drinking butcher can kill, and is not, also, likely to lose his money by indulging in the expensive habit of betting like your third lover, the clerk. You can easily adapt yourself to his ways, and by so doing will find your happiness assured.

L. A.—The origin of the term "Huguenots" is disputed. The most probable one is that which derives it from the word eignots, or confederates, which appellation was assumed by the Swiss leaguers about the beginning of the sixteenth century. The term "Huguenots" was applied to the French Protestants in 1560.

EXPETO.—Let a gift be a gift, and that unchangeably. When you part with it, part with it forever; and never make a present on the theory of receiving another present in return. If you cannot make it outright and heartily, do not make it at all. Giving and huckstering are two widely different things. They cannot be regarded as too widely different.

MAGGIE M.—If you love the gentleman who is now paying his attentions to you, there is no reason why you should not accept the offer of his heart and hand. If you do not love him, of course you should not marry him. Nor should you marry a man who "has become quite dissipated." A woman who marries such a man is usually doomed to a heritage of sorrow.

SUSAN.—As the painful alternative of giving up your parents or that of your lover cannot possibly arise, why imagine such a disagreeable and unnatural condition of things? Say frankly to your suitor, "I cheerfully agree to marry you a year hence if we both continue to feel as we feel now. Should either change, then marriage would only be a bond of misery, and undesirable to either."

GEORGIE.—We think that you are one of those who judge by actions rather than words, and we believe that the first show a person's true character far better than the last. But in love there is a kind of etiquette in which words must be acknowledged as well as actions, and in your case it would be advisable to have a declaration of affection, at least, before you receive or return a present.

READER.—Do not trouble yourself too much about the improprieties of others in declaring love unasked, or in any other particular. If you were to blush every time a fellow man or woman does anything that does not accord with your ideas of propriety, your attention would be so occupied that you would have no time to attend to the regulation of your own conduct, which after all is more important to you than is that of anyone else.

LOUISA.—1. General Washington married Mrs. Martha Custis, a rich and attractive widow, on Jan. 17th, 1759. He had then nearly completed his twenty-seventh year. 2. Commander Markham, of the British ship Alert, penetrated with a sledging expedition, in 1876, to 83 deg. 20min. 26sec., N. lat. This brought him within 400 miles of the North Pole. 3. The City of Rome is probably the largest vessel afloat, next to the Great Eastern. Her length is 560 feet, and her engines of 1,500 horse power.

ANNIE.—Your course with regard to the young man whom you care for only as a friend is quite clear. You would be doing wrong and acting foolish in marrying him, feeling that he had only the second place in your heart. With regard to the man whom you do love, you can only wait until your father is in a more reasonable state of mind. If you and your lover really love, and can trust each other, you will value each other more and be happier together for having waited and been faithful, under adverse circumstances, for a few years.

M. L. B.—It is better to secure voluntary discipline than to multiply exacting rules. A reasonable being knows that neglect of right-doing brings suffering to somebody; and how much more useful is it to develop "reason" in a child's mind than sullen obedience! A very successful trainer of her children never gave any utterance beforehand of what a punishment was to be for shortcoming. She was accustomed to say to her children, "Don't you think you had better do thus or so before such a time?" A sort of confidential leading, this, to the right view of things, which comes before obedience proper, and in most cases dispenses with it.

MISUNDERSTANDING.—The small door in the great barn-door, or stable—through which latter their camels could pass erect—was called the "needle's eye" in the East. If you read the parallel passage in St. Mark x. 24, you will find some light thrown on the subject, and still more if you read 1st Timothy vi. 10, respecting the "love of money," which leads to selfishness, deceitfulness, envy, stealing, and murder, and thus to "all evil." Thus the rich, if tempted to love them for selfish purposes, forgetting the responsibilities they bring with them, and those also who "will be rich" by whatever means—lawful or not—"fall into temptation and a snare."

TYRO.—1. No publisher will accept a story or novel from an unknown writer without satisfying himself that it is worth publishing and likely to repay him; but if you choose to bear all the expense of printing, etc., there will be no difficulty in finding a publisher. 2. The best plan to save disappointment, is to submit your manuscript to some person who has literary experience, or to a friend on whose judgment and candor you can rely. 3. The manuscript should be clearly written on one side of the paper only. 4. This question depends upon the size of the page and the type used for the book. 5. The idea of there being either good luck or bad luck in certain stones is only an old superstition, which is now entirely discarded by all sensible people.